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MADISON WISCONSIN

The Wisconsin Magazine

"Know Your Own State"

HARDY STEEHOLM, Editor

September, 1926

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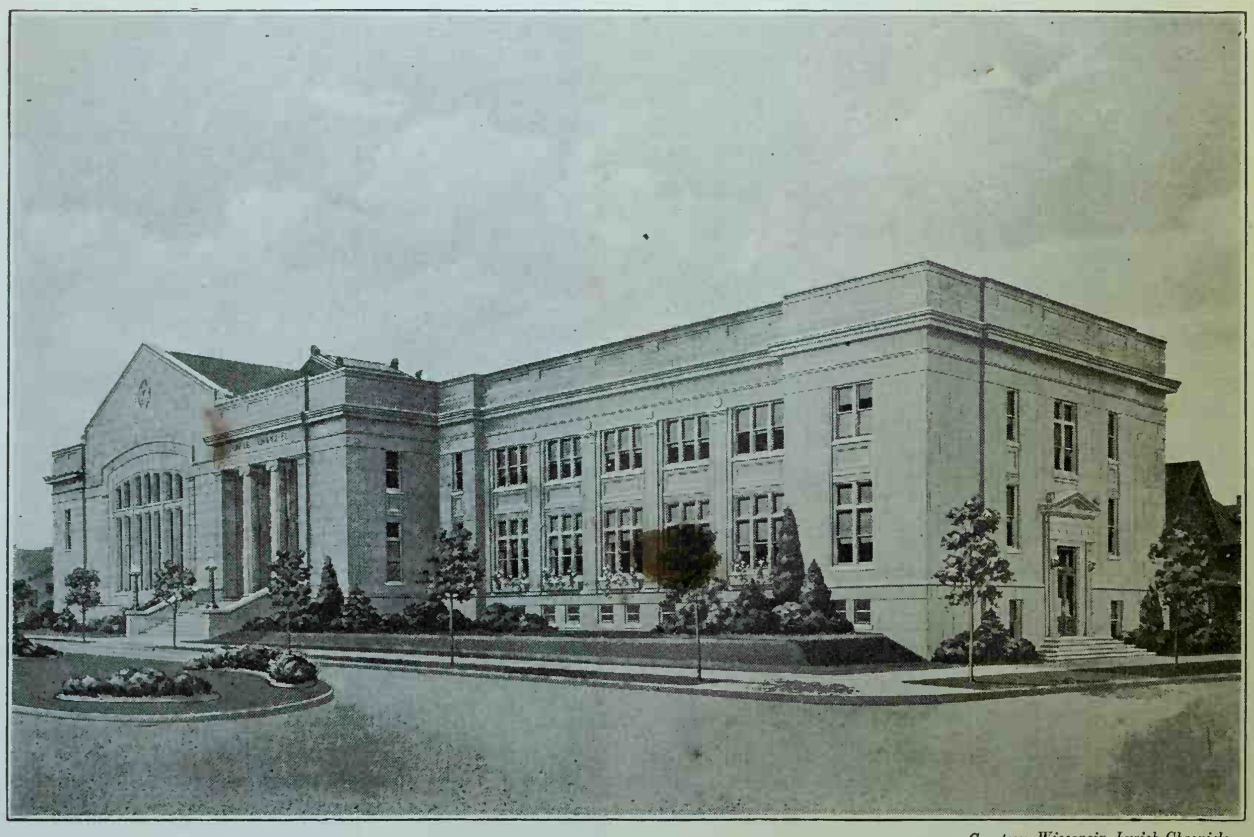


—Courtesy, Wisconsin Jewish Chronicle

MAGNIFICENT TEMPLE EMANU-EL, of Milwaukee, typifying the degree of culture in one of the divisions of the Milwaukee Jews described by Ruben Levin in an article appearing in this issue of THE WISCONSIN MAGAZINE.

The Wisconsin Magazine
"Know Your Own State"
SEPTEMBER, 1926

ORTHODOX, LIBERAL AND REFORM

The Religious, Cultural, and Territorial Divisions Among Milwaukee Jews

By RUBEN LEVIN

HE is the gleaner of rags and refuse; he is the owner of pawn shops and clothing stores; he is the professional man and merchant; he is the capitalist of Milwaukee; he is the Jew!

He lives in great numbers in the crowded Ghetto of Milwaukee; he forms a typically American standard community in the prosperous residence district in the western part of the city; and he dwells in hundreds of mansions situated in the aristocratic northeast section of Milwaukee, along Lake Michigan.

He numbers 30,000 in Milwaukee and is segregated, practically, into the districts mentioned above. These divisions, as we shall see, are religious and cultural, as well as territorial.

The Ghetto, comprising approximately an eight-block radius, is the most striking, the most vivid of the three. Into the Ghetto huddle all the poorer Jews, the orthodox Jews, and the Jews newly come from the Old World. The present Ghetto is the hybrid of two districts; one full of old, filthy, and ramshackle houses which look as though they would be glad to tumble down altogether instead of leaning half way; the other, bordering it and a little further to the north, is somewhat more respectable-looking, with homes that have been built much later than those in the southern section.

Except for a few small-shop keepers and junk men, the Jews have practically vanished from the southern fringe to move into this adjacent section at the north, their places now taken by the thousands of Negroes who have flocked in from the South.

Two or three old Jewish synagogues, rising above the rickety shacks of the Negroes, serve as the only landmarks of a once bustling and noisy Ghetto. On week-days, pickaninnies romp on the steps of the synagoguges, and groups of colored men and women chatter shrilly before their doors. These buildings seem out of place in their surroundings, and were it not for the large numbers of Jews who come into them to pray on Saturdays and other Jewish holidays, one would suppose them to be remnants of a by-gone civilization.

A Noted Jewish Leader—Rabbi Samuel Hirschberg, Temple Emanu-El Milwaukee.

In the newer and larger portion of the Ghetto, the Jewish character of the district is at once apparent to the observer. Children swarm in the streets, filling the air with shouting. Women, in groups, chatter everywhere; and, on the street-corners and in front of the synagogues, men discuss volubly, with appropriate and emphatic gestures, everything from the day's junk market and local commonplaces to international affairs. Palestine, Soviet Russia, and the immigration laws are the favorite subjects.

Within the grocery and delicatessen stores,—of which there are no less ten in each block—the disorder and uncleanliness are revolting. Everything seems topsy-turvy; notions jumbled with candy; sausage piled on cheese; sugar labeled cinnamon; rice strewn about the floor; apples, oranges, and pears—ripe and green and decayed—all in one hopeless mass; cans of coffee and corn and milk piled up in all directions, leaning like the tower of Pisa, ready to collapse and clatter to the floor, yet strangely defying gravity; window displays forming a hodge-podge of broken and falling signs, empty boxes, scattered and decayed fruit, and vegetables mixed into an indistinguishable mass. Confusion is the dominant note.

The Ghetto "Main Street" is Walnut Street between Sixth and Twelfth Streets,—the business center of the community and the promenade. Here are found the delicatessen stores that abound in all Jewish communities. Laws of competition seem to be defied, for new delicatessen shops are opened continually. Six such stores in a single block, all heavily patronized for Kosher corned beef, varied Kosher meats, and many other Jewish delicacies, is the record of Walnut Street. Clothing stores, drug stores, and foreign exchange offices, flaunting Jewish signs everywhere, depict vividly the Jewish character of the section.

Above all the dirt, disorder, and tumult of the Ghetto, and at its heart, rises the Abraham Lincoln house, a Jewish community house, the pride of the Ghetto. Groups of every description meet within its walls—Mothers' clubs, Judea clubs, musical societies, glee clubs, literary and debating societies, athletic clubs, recreation groups, immigrant organizations, Americanization classes, English study groups, maternity classes, and other organizations. It aids the entire commuunity, assimilates the immigrants, prepares them for citizenship, and educates their children. Many of the prominent Jewish men and women of Milwaukee, who have attained success in various lines of endeavor, have received their inspiration at this settlement house, now in its twentieth year of service to the community.

On account of the stringent immigration laws, which permit but few Jews' entrance into America, the Ghetto in Milwaukee, as in other large cities of the nation, eventually disappear. The newer generation, attaining an education and prosperity, will move from the

(Continued on Page 18)

North Wisconsin in History and Romance

By C. H. CROWNHART
Justice of the Supreme Court

(Continued from the August Issue)

"The 'Black Gowns,' As the Jesuit Priests Were Called by the Indians, Had Put Behind Them All Earthly Pleasures For the Honor and Glory of the Church"

FATHER RENE MENARD

CHAPTER VI

Jean Nicolet, first of white men to paddle a canoe on Wisconsin waters and travel its Indian trails, was of the type of young Frenchmen of good families who came to New France with the honorable purpose of service to France and the king. He was one of the class that won glory for the flag of his country.

Radisson and Groseilliers, the first white men to explore Lake Superior, represented the type of adventurers whose paths led in to the wilds of the west in quest of gain. They were reckless rovers who drove shrewd bargains with the unsophisticated red men, dodging the revenue officers and ignoring the King's commands. They debauched the Indian with liquor and in turn were degraded by their too intimate associations with savages and the savage life they led.

We now come to the "Black Gowns," as the Jesuit priests were called by the Indians. These men of the cross belonged to the Catholic religious order of the "Society of Jesus." They were educated and refined. By the laws of the order they had put behind them all earthly pleasures and dedicated themselves to the honor and glory of the church and the success of their society.

The discipline of the order was most severe, but its members were full of zeal and accepted dangers and difficulties joyfully wherever there was a soul to save from the fires of Hell.

One of these was Father Rene Menard. Fifty-five years of age, bowed down with physical infirmities, weak and suffering, in the summer of 1660 he was directed to proceed to the shores of Lake Superior on a religious mission to the red men of the district.

October 29, 1660 Laval, vicar apostolic to New France, wrote to the pope:

"This summer a priest of the Society of Jesus left on a mission more than five hundred leagues from Quebec. That country is inhabited by innumerable nations who have never even heard of the Catholic faith. Seven Frenchmen joined this apostle; they to buy castors (beaver skins), he to conquer souls. He will surely suffer a great deal."

The missionary was Rene Menard. In the Jesuit Relations of 1660-1661, Le Jeune, Procurator of the missions of the Society of Jesus in New France, relates:

"When those tribes that fringe the shores of Lake Superior, four hundred leagues from here offered to take some missionaries to their country, Father Menard, on whom that lot happily fell, foresaw so many difficulties that he deemed his life too short and his health too broken for so long and painful a journey; nevertheless, he undertook it; and he has been now two years engaged in that mission without our hearing any word from him."

True enough were the fears of this patient, obedient servant of the Society of Jesus. Yet without hesitation he took up his cross and bent his back to the load. Indeed, he left so suddenly that he had not time to properly prepare for the journey.

In a letter to a friend written at 2 o'clock of the morning of his departure, he said:

"I write you probably the last word and I desire it to be the seal of our friendship to eternity. * * * In three or four months you may put me into the Momento of the dead, considering the manner of living of these people, and my age and weak constitution."

In fear of failure the aged saint fared forth in company with seven French traders and some Indians who had come to Quebec to trade and were returning to their distant homes.

The Indians required Father Menard to paddle continuously, and to carry packs over portages, far beyond his strength. Besides the food gave out and starvation faced them. They ate their moose skins and made a soup of a filthy moss that grew on rocks. Father Menard injured his leg and suffered much

from it. At one time his canoe was broken by a falling tree and the Indians left him and three Indian companions to their fate. They survived by making soup from offal and bones found at an abandoned camp.

Finally some passing Indians carried them to an Ottawa Indian Village at the southerly end of Keweenaw Bay. There the father arrived on the 15th of October, 1660, and there he spent the winter in a miserable hut of branches of fir trees. Much of the time his food consisted of soup from the bones of fish, discarded by the Indians, together with acorns and bark of trees. But in this state of affairs he did not neglect his mission to save the souls of savages.

Let us for a moment read from a letter of Father Menard to his superior at Quebec to see the manner of his service. He says:

"One of my first visits at the spot where we were to winter was to a hovel, the most miserable cabin of all, erected under a large decayed tree which served as a shelter for it on one side, and upheld some branches of cedar and hemlock which kept off the wind on the other. I entered almost on all fours, and under the tree I found a treasure. It was a woman abandoned by her husband and her daughter, who had left her two little children, and they were dying. I began to speak of the faith to this poor afflicted creature, and she heard me with pleasure. * * * But I prized much more highly the opportunity that God gave me for assuring myself of the salvation of the two poor little innocents by administering baptism to them."

Such was the work and such were the conditions under which Father Menard labored.

Fortunately the winter was mild and the good Father found it possible to eke out a miserable existence. Spring came and with it came word from some Hurons at the head waters of the Black River, now a part of Taylor county, asking the missionary to visit them. They had an acquaintance with the "Black Gowns" while they were yet at their old hunting grounds in the Georgian Bay district, from where they had been driven by the Iroquois.

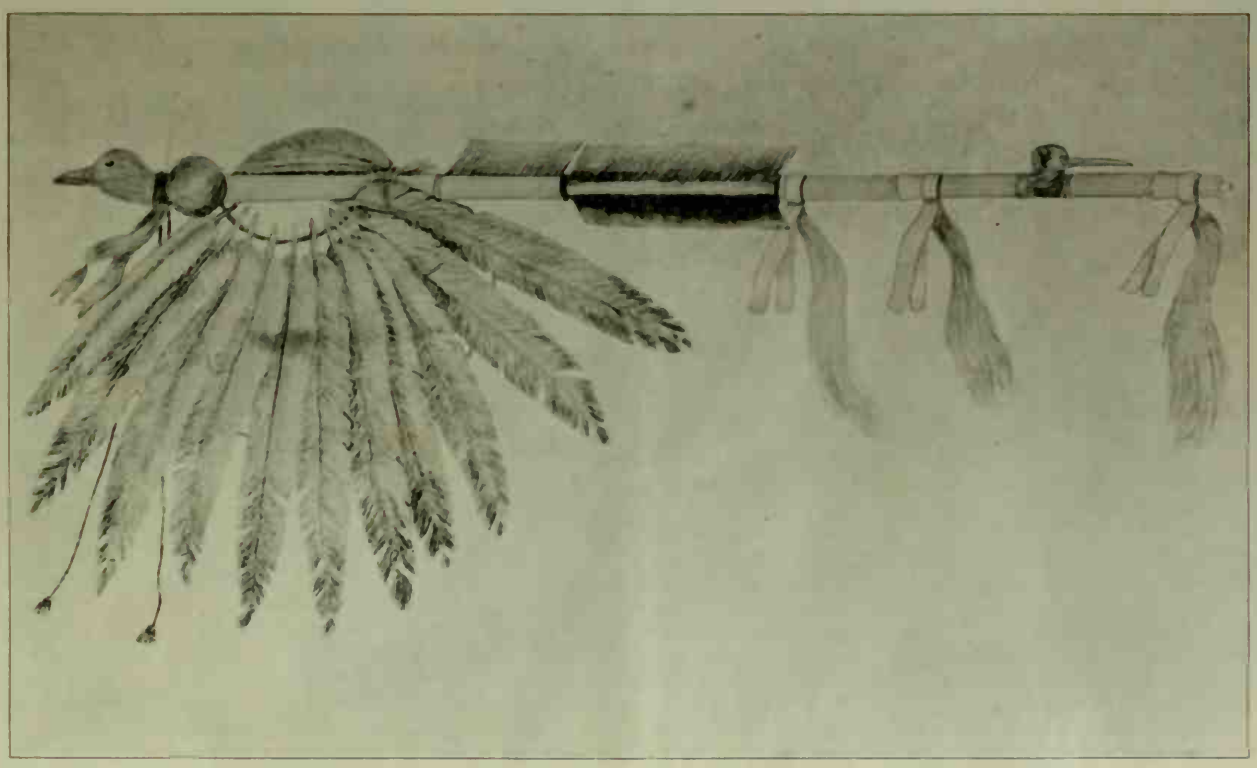
Father Menard answered the call and set out with a small band of Hurons and a Frenchman to make the difficult journey—difficult, indeed, for the feeble old man.

From Keweenaw Bay they went directy overland to Lac Vieux-Desert, the source of the Wisconsin River. Here the Indians abandoned them, promising, however, to send them aid. For fifteen days the priest and his French companion waited in vain for the Hurons to come. They then found a canoe in which they proceeded on their journey. The way was hard, the river full of rapids, some of which had to be portaged. They came to Bill Cross Rapids, as they have since been named, where the Frenchman ran the rapids in the canoe while Father Menard, to lighten the canoe, took some of the baggage and attempted to carry it by land around to a point below. While so engaged he became lost in the deep entangled forests and was never heard from again. A kettle that the poor priest carried was later found in the possession of a Sac Indian and some of his vestments were found in a Sioux wigwam. So it is reported. By some it is believed that the old priest was murdered by the Indians. Others with better reason believe that he died of exhaustion and starvation. Surely he could not long survive in the midst of that gloomy forest without food or shelter, beset by the insects that infected the country in summer. His French companion searched for him but unable to find him continued on to the Huron village.

So perished the first "Black Gown" to brave the wilds of North Wisconsin to carry the gospel to the poor ignorant savages that were in hiding from the wrath of the cruel and merciless Iroquois.

There are diverse accounts of Father Menard's last journey. I have followed Campbell's, which appears to be the most convincing.

Father Menard was a true soldier of the cross. Ordered to an almost certain sacrifice of his life to serve the church, he entered upon the enterprise with zeal and devotion. He died miserably as he had foreseen that he would. Alone in the wilderness, a thousand miles from civilization, he gave up the ghost in pious resignation. His reward was not of this earth. It was in Heaven.



The Calumet, or Pipe of Peace, Which Was Smoked by Many a Paleface Pioneer With the Red Men at the Conclusion of Important Compacts

FATHER CLAUDE ALLOUEZ

CHAPTER VII

October 1st, 1665, a "Black Gown" of the Jesuit order, in a birch bark canoe, paddled silently into the present harbor of Ashland, Wisconsin. Five years before, Radisson and Groseilliers, the two wandering, unlicensed traders, had departed from the same scene with their canoes laden with valuable furs which a hard-hearted government confiscated when they arrived at Quebec.

They never returned to Lake Superior. But the watchful Jesuits learned from them of the country they had visited. It was given to Father Claude Allouez that he should carry the gospel to the natives with whom Radisson and his brother-in-law had bartered worldly trinkets for pelfry.

One may now imagine this refined and educated French priest, as he reached port, after a long and perilous journey, enraptured at the prospect as it lay before him in all its wild and rugged beauty. It was the season of "Indian Summer," and a smoky haze mellowed the bright rays of the sun as it threw its luster over Chequamegon Bay and its wooded shores. The rarified atmosphere of North Wisconsin was bracing, and delightful on that October day. For the first time in his eventful, gruelling voyage, Father Allouez could think of peace and rest. Before him were the great forests of white and Norway pines, ever singing and sighing in the breeze. Closer in shore were patches of white birch and maple burnished in autumn tints of red and gold and all the colors of the rainbow. Ravines and valleys came sloping down to the shore, and out of their dark shadows came the murmuring streams.

Chequamegon Point, a long, low, sandy spot reaching out toward Madelaine Island, lay at the back of Allouez, breaking the surf of the boistrous Gitchi Gumee. Within, the Bay was calm and peaceful. To the lover of nature every prospect pleased. What wonder that Allouez exclaimed: "It is a beautiful Bay!"

And, here, there and everywhere, out of the forests came joyfully Indian maidens, babes, men and women to meet their returning braves. For here was an Indian village of many nations.

Father Allouez landed at or near the spot where Radisson and Groseilliers had built their hut, the first habitation built by white men, in all Wisconsin. There he had a rude shelter of bark and there he was sought out by the curious throngs, who had never before seen a "Black Gown," but who no doubt had heard around the wigwam fires strange tales of them.

Father Allouez, unlike Menard, was in the fulness of his physical manhood. He had set out from Three Rivers in company of six Frenchmen and more than 400 Indians who had come from Lake Superior to trade and who were returning home. He was a self-invited guest and unwelcomed by his savage hosts.

They tried to turn him back by threats to leave him on some island to starve, but with the persistence of members of his order with a duty to perform, he held to his course. Of his trip Allouez wrote:

"The Devil offered all conceivable opposition to our journey, making use of false prejudice held by these savages that Baptism caused their children to die."

On the way the canoe of the Frenchmen became damaged and Allouez besought the Indians to take them into their canoes. Again Allouez writes: "The Hurons promised, although with much reluctance, to provide for me." But on the morrow when they again set forth, they left the Father behind, all alone. Later other Indians with three Frenchmen came up, and the Frenchmen with Allouez had recourse to the damaged canoe, with which they followed their perfidious companions. Overtaking them, Allouez forsook his clerical role and said to them: "How is this? Do you then forsake the French? Know you not that I hold Onnontio's voice in my hand, and that I am to speak for him to all your nations?"

The Indians called the French Governor "Onnontio" and they had respect for his power, especially his weapons. Allouez adds: "These words forced them to give aid." He was deceived. The Indians willingly took the other Frenchmen, but all declared that the priest "had neither skill at the paddle nor strength to carry loads on his shoulders." Allouez "confessed before his divine Majesty that I was only a useless burden on earth," and the prayer worked a change of heart in one savage, who invited Allouez into his canoe and gave him a paddle, telling him to use it, as it was an "honorable employment and one worthy of a Great Captain," at which the father hastened to comply, fearing the savage would change his mind. In the fatigue of the labor the priest imagined himself " a malefactor sentenced to the galleys." Continuing, Allouez describes the hardships of his journey, some of which we give as illustrative of what the missionaries endured for their faith.

Utensils Used by the Original Inhabitants of North Wisconsin—Knife, Harpoon, Shaper, and Awl

Again quoting from his journal:

"Although I became entirely exhausted, yet God gave me sufficient strength to paddle all day long, and often a good part of the night, but this application

did not prevent my being commonly the object of their contempt and the butt of their jokes; for, however, much I exerted myself, I accomplished nothing in comparison with them, their bodies being large and strong, and perfectly adapted to such labors. The slight esteem in which they held me caused them to steal from me every article of my wardrobe that they could; and I had much difficulty in retaining my hat, the wide rim of which seemed to them peculiarly fitted for defense against the excessive heat of the sun. And when evening came, as my pilot took away a bit of blanket that I had, to serve him as a pillow, he forced me to pass the night without any covering but the foliage of some tree.

"When hunger is added to these discomforts, it is a severe hardship, but one that soon teaches a man to find a relish in the bitterest roots and the most putrid meat. God was pleased to make me suffer from hunger, on Fridays especially, for which I heartily thank Him.

"We were forced to accustom ourselves to eat a certain moss growing upon the rocks. It is a sort of shell-shaped leaf which is always covered with caterpillars and spiders; and which, on being boiled, furnishes an insipid soup, black and viscous, that rather serves to ward off death than to impart life.

"One morning we found a stag that had been dead four or five days. It was a lucky accident for poor starvelings. I was given a piece of it, and although its offensive odor deterred some from eating any, hunger made me take my share; but my mouth had a putrid taste, in consequence, until the next day.

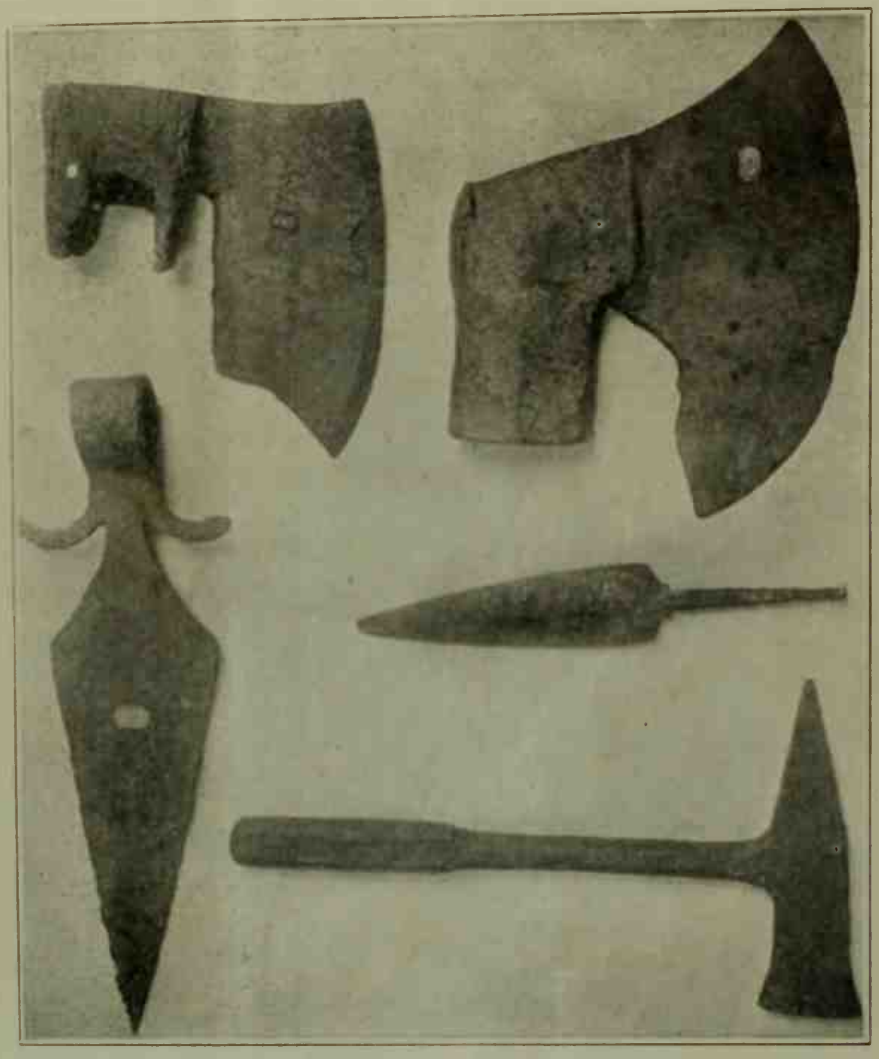
"Amid all these hardships, whenever we came to any rapids I carried as heavy burdens as I could; but I often succumbed under them, and that made our savages laugh and mock me, saying they must call a child to carry me and my burden. Our good God did not forsake me utterly on these occasions, but often wrought on some of the men so that, touched with compassion, they would, without saying anything, relieve me of my chapel or some other burden, and would help me to journey a little more at my ease.

"It sometimes happened that, after we had carried our loads and plied our paddles all day long, and even two or three hours into the night, we went supperless to bed on the ground, or on some rock, to begin over again the next day with the same labors. But everywhere the Divine Providence mingled some little sweetness and relief with our fatigue."

It was in this wise that Allouez came all the way—a thousand miles and more—from Three Rivers to Chequamegon.

For four long years Allouez held forth with the various tribes who were stationed at the Bay or who came there to fish and trade. He tells of his efforts to convert the "wild men," of his successes and failiures. He visited adjacent tribes, circled the western end of Lake Superior, and went as far north at Lake Nipigon. No doubt he put in at Superior Bay on his journey. And without doubt he traversed the familiar Indian route up the Brule and portaged in to Lake St. Croix, where the Indians frequently camped on Forest Island in that beautiful lake, or on the present site of Solon Springs. There they would hunt, fish and gather the wild rice. He preached at the Sault Ste. Marie to the Chippewas, or Saulters, as the French called them.

Allouez was industrious and never hesitated to visit a soul within reach and in need of comfort. To baptize a sick and dying babe, or an old man or woman, gave him great joy, for then he had saved a soul from the eternal fires. All was not pleasant with him however. The Indian "medicine men"—jugglers, he called them—were jealous of him and hated him exceedingly. There was no love lost on the part of Allouez with these agents of the devil. On the contrary, he belabored them with harsh words, and in return they destroyed his chapel and stole his goods. Finally Allouez saw more fertile fields further south, and asked to be relieved from the Mission of the Holy Spirit at Chequamegon. He went to the Green Bay district, and later visited the Illinois tribes where LaSalle had established a fort on the Illinois river. His life was eventful. He lived to a ripe old age, continuing up to his death to preach the gospel to the western tribes.



Some of the Crude Instruments Used by Indians Many Years Ago—Broad Axe, Tomahawk Pipe, Tomahawk and Spear Points

FATHER JACQUES MARQUETTE

CHAPTER VIII

Father Marquette succeeded Allouez at LaPoint de Esprit, or the Mission of the Holy Spirit of LaPoint, on Chequamegon Bay in 1669. He had come to Quebec from France in 1666, under Jesuit orders for missionary work in New France among the Indians. For a couple of years he had divided his time between Three Rivers and various tribes of nearby Indians, studying the Indian customs and languages. Marquette was an apt student and became exceptionally proficient for his work in that short time.

Father Marquette came from an illustrious French family of Laon. He had read the Relations of his brethren of the Jesuit orders, and was fired to emulate their zeal and hardships for the glory of the church and the saving of

savage souls. His first missionary station was at Sault Ste. Marie among the Ojibways, now called Chippewas.

Father Marquette was less impatient than Allouez, more gentle in his labors with his red brethren, but was no less zealous than he.

Allouez had not been very successful at the mission of the Holy Spirit and had asked to be relieved for duty further south.

Father Marquette's work at Chequamegon was cut short by reason of trouble between his charges, the Ottawas and Hurons, with the Sioux.

Memorial at Portage Erected in Honor of Marquette and Joliet

The Dakota Sioux were 60 leagues to the west of Chequamegon—about 140 miles. The Hurons were originally from the Georgian Bay district, where the Jesuits had a prosperous mission among them. But the ferocious Iroquois had sought them out and slaughtered many, scattering the rest like dry leaves before the wind. A band of the Hurons came to Wisconsin and found a home in Sioux territory on the Island in the Mississippi opposite the present site of Red Wing, and now a part of Pierce County.

Here they were welcomed by the Sioux, who wept over them as a mark of distinction and friendship. This custom of the Sioux the Hurons took for a sign of weakness, and treated the Sioux with contempt. A quarrel followed, and the Hurons were obliged to flee before the wrath of the Sioux. It was at this island in the Mississippi that Radisson and Groseilliers, on their first voyage to Wisconsin, claimed to have visited the Hurons. The Hurons found refuge at the sources of the Black and Chippewa Rivers, and there they were when Menard lost his life in an endeaver to reach them from Keweenaw Point. Later the Hurons ventured out from the heart of the wilderness to Chequamegon. But they had learned nothing. They again incurred the hostility of the Sioux and again they and the Ottawa who had become involved with them, waited not the vengeance of the Sioux, but fled precipitately to the east, the Ottawas to their old haven of rest on Manitoulin island in the northern part of Lake Huron, and the Hurons to Mackinac Island in Northern Lake Michigan. Marquette joined the Hurons in their flight, and the Mission of the Holy Spirit was not to have another Catholic priest for more than 160 years. French traders and their retinues would come and go, but the French Jesuit Missionaries had abandoned the place forever.

We have seen that Radisson and Groseilliers had probably sailed their canoes on the Mississippi from the mouth of the Wisconsin to the Huron village on a Wisconsin island in the Mississippi, but their discovery of the Mississippi was of no moment. They were not explorers for renown. They carried no flag of civilization. They were mercenary merchants who roved the wilds living like the Indians, bartering for gain. They gave the world no new light and made no reports of their travels to the French. It was only as an inducement to the English King to employ them that they told the story of their voyages to Wisconsin. That story was to remain buried from the public for more than two centuries.

The French at Quebec still entertained the idea that the sea of Japan or China was to be reached through some connecting channels in North America.

In the Jesuit Relations of 1660-61 it was reported by LeJeune that:

"We have long known that we have the North Sea behind us, its shores occupied by hosts of savages entirely unacquainted with Europeans; that the sea is contiguous with the sea of China to which it only remains to find an entrance, and in those regions lies the famous bay, first discovered by Henry Hudson, who gave it his name."

And again he speaks of the opportunity to go to Hudson Bay for "data on the assumption that a passage to the Sea of Japan is to be found there."

The Mississippi was no longer a myth. It had become familiar to the French priests and traders through reports of the Indians. Allouez had reported it and Marquette had contemplated a voyage of discovery from Chequamegon by the usual Indian route of the Brule-St. Croix rivers—an easy trip of less than 250 miles.

While at Chequamegon, Marquette had reported that the Illinois Indians, who resorted to his mission, had told him of the great river. He said:

"It is hard to believe that that great river discharges into Virginia and we think rather that it has its mouth in California. If the savages who promise to make me a canoe do not break their word to me we will explore this river as far as we can, with a Frenchman and this young man (referring to a slave given him by the Illinois). * * We shall visit the nations dwelling there in order to open a passage to such of the Fathers as have been waiting this good fortune for so long a time. This discovery will give us full knowledge either of the South Sea or the Western Sea."

Thus it will be seen that had not the foolish Hurons quarreled with the Sioux, Marquette would have made his voyage of discovery by the North Wisconsin route of the Brule-St. Croix rivers in 1670, instead of by the Fox-Wisconsin route three years later. Nor would Joliet have shared with him the honor of that discovery. As it is, the voyage of Joliet and Marquette in 1673, through the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers into and down the Mississippi does not immediately concern North Wisconsin history. But we can hardly fail to follow Marquette a little further. He has painted pictures of North Wisconsin in that early period that must ever live in history. He was unusually successful with the savages; he did not scold them as did Allouez.

Allouez held before the Indians the terrors of Hell. He told them "what must be done in order not to burn forever in Hell," and they received the faith "fearing God's judgments and Hell." "He expatiated upon some of the most evident truths of our faith, as for example Paradise and Hell. * * * He showed them a picture of the universal judgment and took occasion to disclose

to them * * * some of the happiness of the saints and the torments of the damned."

Allouez abhorred the Indian dreams —they were an abomination of the Lord. Thus Allouez taught the natives.

But Marquette was more persuasive —more considerate. He may have remembered how the men of the Bible "dreamed dreams" and believed in their dreams.

No doubt, the Indians, who believed, were appalled at the horrors of Hell as pictured by Allouez, but it is most certain that their concept of Paradise and happiness were not of the Saints. The Indian's Heaven was a "happy hunting ground" where game was plenty and famine no more.

In bringing Indians to embrace Christianity, Marquette says:

"In order to affect this change the more easily, I keep a little of their usage and take from it all that is bad."

So he labored and won the love of the wild people of the north. Yielding something to their inherited and primitive ways, superstitions, and customs, he gradually turned them toward love of the Lord.

Marquette returned from his trip of discovery down the Mississippi, by way of the Ohio, Illinois, Desplains and Chicago Rivers into Lake Michigan. He visited the Illinois Indians and promised to return to them. He had become ill and broken in health, but having made his report on his voyage, he again took up his cross to make his promised visit to the Illinois Indians, which he did. But unable to stay with the Illinois because of his health, he started to return to the mission of St. Ignace near Mackinac; but while coasting the eastern shore of Lake Michigan with two French companions he grew worse, died, and was buried in the peaceful solitude of the Michigan forests. Friendly Indians later found his grave and removed his bones to the Mission at St. Ignace, where they were buried with Catholic ceremony beneath the mission chapel. Long after the destruction of the chapel they found and removed to the sanctuaries of the Catholic church, where they now repose as sacred relics.

Wisconsin has a county named for Marquette, and in Wisconsin's niche for its most honored dead, in Statuary Hall at Washington, an idealized statue of Marquette stands in memory of this patient, devoted, and gentle scion of wealth and culture, who gave all for the poor and ignorant red man of the forests, and for the glory of the church to which he was so deeply attached.

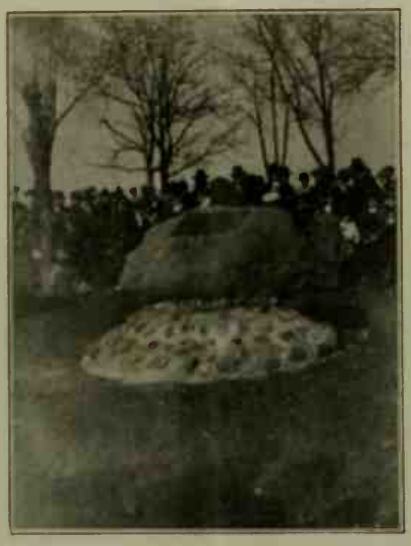
"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." And such friends! Poor untutored savages!

In his young manhood—he was not yet 37—Marquette passed away. Had he lived the allotted span of man, we doubt not that he would have become the most successful and the best loved of the many able priests who ministered to the Western Indians.

THE COUREURS DU BOIS

IX.

By the occupation of Wisconsin by the French,, beginning with the visit of Nicolet in 1634, and from that time till 1762, no white men other than the French made any attempt at exploration or settlement within the territory. When



The Allouez Memorial in Menominee Park At Oshkosh

Marquette left Chequamegon Bay, the Jesuit order abandoned Northern Wisconsin. The mission of the Holy Spirit of the Point was no more.

The "Black Gowns" had made an earnest attempt at conversion of the Indians to the Catholic faith as the first step to their salvation. They had largely failed. There were seemingly no lasting effects of their labors with the tribes of Northern Wisconsin. The DePere mission in the Green Bay district was more successful.

With the passing of the pious priests, North Wisconsin was wholly given over to trade and barter by the French with the Indians. No attempt was made to better the Indians' condition physically or morally. Had the priests remained, a different story might have been told, but it may be doubted if they could have prevented the evil influence of the trader's rum.

The pageant of Frenchmen crossing and recrossing the state, trading, preaching, fighting, hunting, and fishing a thousand miles in advance of civilization, was picturesque. The Coureurs du Bois were first on the scene following the government agent, Nicolet.

Nicolet had reported his trip and his friendly receptions and beautiful feasts. At Quebec there was a motley crowd of adventurers. Some had come to New France to repair their broken fortunes; some had come to escape other troubles at home; many were discharged soldiers who were restless when released from discipline. Among this uneasy crowd of Frenchmen were sprigs of nobility with their future before them. All were of the Catholic faith for none other were permitted to come to New France by the government at home.

These were ripe and ready for adventure, eagerly listening to all the tales that came from distant places. Not only Nicolet had brought news of Wisconsin to Quebec, but Indians from the Lake Superior had gone to Quebec to trade and had taken samples of copper which excited the cupidity of the hungry throng. Then came Radisson and Groseilliers with three hundred Indians, with their canoes laden with valuable furs. What wonder that the excitable French fortune hunters longed to go West? But a government bent on preserving for itself the riches to be won from trade forbade adventure into this land without license, oppressive and vexatious.

Thus it was that Radisson and Groseilliers slipped away from Quebec without the government's permission, but were caught on their return and all their pelfry confiscated to the government.

But this drastic action did not deter others from venturing forth without leave of the crown.

Following fast upon Radisson and Groseilliers' trip, came many others. They were outlaws and they were smugglers. The French called them Coureurs du Bois — woods rangers.

These Coureurs du Bois were a happy, light-hearted crew, but courageous and daring. They had no ties that bound them at home and they were free from restraint. They readily adopted the Indian customs and manners. They married the dusky maidens and enjoyed their wild life. When the time came to move, they left care behind, and with it their squaws, for others could be had at the next stopping place. They smuggled out of Quebec and other French outposts beads, hatchets, guns, powder, bright cloths and rum, which they traded with the natives on their own terms. They traveled by water, following the usual route to Lake Superior or Lake Michigan, and ran up the streams wherever a canoe would float. There they would, when necessary, take their merchandise and plunge boldly into the forests. When they had exhausted their merchandise they loaded their canoes with furs and sought the French trading post where they smuggled their wares into the post and sold them to some merchant willing to take a chance for a good profit. With a full purse, they proceeded to enjoy wine, women, and song with gay hilarity. Having had their fling, the call of the wild was upon them. To the village priest they went to confession and for absolution of their sins, and then they were off again.

Such were the Coureurs du Bois in the early days. They led the way into every nook and cranny of Wisconsin. They

made friends of the Indians, and they rendered valuable service to their government in its exploration of the vast inland empire it had proclaimed as its own.

Later the Coureurs du Bois, when the government regulations became better enforced, gave way to regular traders and the voyaguer. Like the Coureurs du Bois, the voyaguer was a character. He, too, was carefree and in love with the wild. He was the common carrier of the day. He plied his paddle and shot his canoe swiftly along the lakes and rivers of Wisconsin, bringing merchandise from Quebec and Montreal and returning loaded with pelfry. He sang as he plied his paddle—sang of love—and his song ran something like this:

"Each returning springtime
Brings so much that's new,
All the fickle lovers
Changing sweethearts, too.
The good wine soothes and gives me rest,
While love inspires and fills my breast.
All the fickle lovers
Changing sweethearts still,
I'll keep mine forever,
Those may change who will.
The good wine soothes and gives me rest,
While love inspires and fills my breast."

Not only did our voyageur sing of love, but he regularly made love to French and Indian maidens alike.

The Coureurs du Bois and voyageurs gave life and color to French occupation. The somber clad priests appealing to the higher things of life could not hope for equal popularity with the uncultured red man.

There was in the background of this French pageant one class of men whose lives and sacrifices remain unsung. There were the donne's, the faithful attendants of the priests. They were humble God-fearing men who gave their services to the church and were content to sun themselves in the reflected light of the Fathers. They were "hewers of wood and drawers of water," self-inoculated servants of the priests, seeking no renown, no glory of this world and they got none.

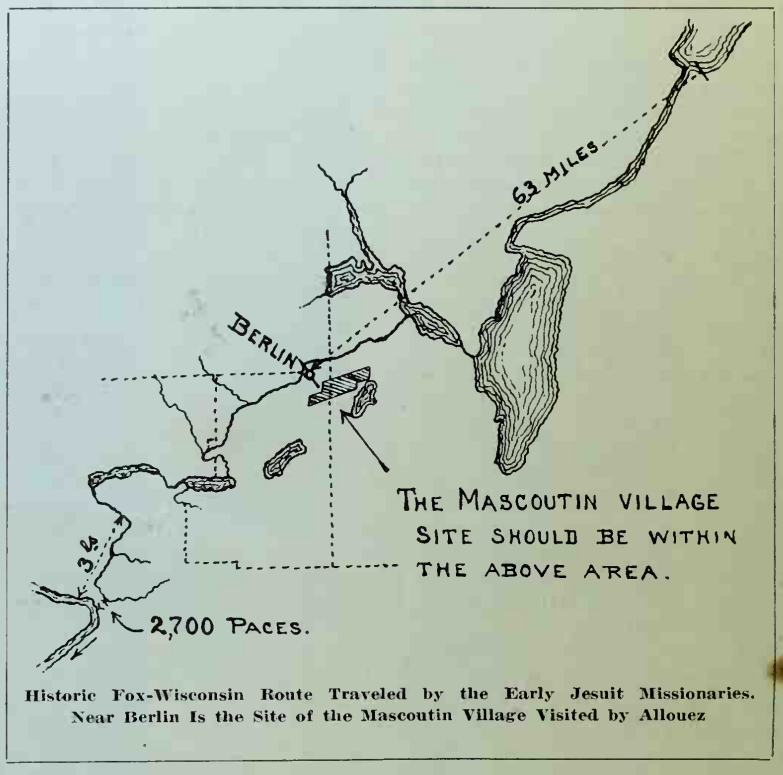
Having seen the first steps of discovery, exploration and trade in North Wisconsin, let us stop and take note of the natives — the men who lived here and held title to the land by occupation, while they were yet in their primeval state.

INDIAN INHABITANTS IN 1665

X.

When Father Allouez came to Chequamegon Bay, October 1, 1665, he found seven "nations" of Indians, living happily together in peace and plenty. In his report to his superior in Canada he said: "This part of the lake where we have halted is between two villages, and forms a sort of center for all the nations of these regions, because of its abundance of fish, which constitutes the chief part of these people's sustenance.

"It is a beautiful bay, at the head of which is situated the great village of the savages, who there cultivate fields of Indian corn and lead a settled life. They number eight hundred men bearing arms, but are gathered together from seven nations, living in peace, mingled one with the other."



Historic Fox-Wisconsin Route Traveled by the Early Jesuit Missionaries. Near Berlin Is the Site of the Mascoutin Village Visited by Allouez

We have seen that Father Allouez was the first 'Black Gown," as the Indians called the Jesuit priests, to visit the Indians as far west as Chequamegon Bay. Here among this large population, probably numbering four or five thousand souls, the good padre established the mission of LaPointe du Esprit, or the Mission of the Holy Spirit of LaPointe, to instruct the "savages" as he called them, in the mysteries of the Christian religion. Not ten years had elapsed since the first white men, Groseilliers and Radisson, had discovered this region. The Indians had been but little changed by the civilization of the white man. Here at Chequamegon, Allouez found the North Wisconsin Indians in their primitive state.

Let us then stop to inquire about these natives of the "forest primeval." What manner of men were they? What was their civil government? How did they live? How did they till the soil, and hunt, and fish? What were their tools, and arms, and means of travel? What of their customs and dress, of marriage, of housing? How and with whom did they make war? What of their religion and legends? These and other inquiries suggest themselves concerning the original inhabitants of North Wisconsin. And here at Chequamegon, in the year 1665, is a good place and time to study these peoples, for as we have seen, representatives of at least seven life of Northern Wisconsin was in all its wild and uncivilized stages.

It is not known with certainty all the tribes represented in the two large Indian villages at Chequamegon, but we know that the Hurons and Ottawas, refugees from the Georgian Bay district, were there. Ojibways, or as they are now called, Chippewas, must have been different nations or tribes had foregathered at this point where the Indian there. The Illinois were there. So too it is probable that the Menomonees, Pottawatomies, Outagamies or Foxes, and the Sauks were there.

The Sioux or Dakotas would not be there. Nor would the Winnebagos, a Siouan tribe located at Green Bay. The Dakotas and Winnebagos did not speak the language of the other Wisconsin tribes. The Winnebagos occupied a little circle of land from Green Bay, Lake Winnebago, and Lake Michigan, while the Dakotas were located in Northwest Wisconsin, mostly west of the St. Croix river. All the other Wisconsin Indians belonged to the great Algonquin family originally speaking the same language. These included the Ojibways, Menomonees, Foxes, Sacs, Pottawatomies, and others. The Ojibways and Menomonees were the principal Indians of the Algonquin group in North Wisconsin. They with the Dakota Sioux occupy the field of North Wisconsin Indian history with the exception of the temporary residence of the Hurons and Ottawas during their fight to Wisconsin territory to escape the onslaught of the fierce Iroquois from 1649 to 1669.

The Algonquin family was the most numerous and its territories the most ex-

(Continued on Page 21)

IN SPITE OF ALL—MILWAUKEE

By RUTH O. MATHEWS

IT has often been said that "you can't keep a good man down." So it is with cities. Once a settlement determines to grow into a metropolis, it often does so in spite of all obstacles. Take as an example, the remarkable growth of Milwaukee.

The early settlers of Milwaukee must indeed have been men of vision. One hundred eight years ago, when Solomon Juneau built his little log cabin on the east bank of the Milwaukee River, the settlement began. Had we lived at that time, we probably would have wondered why he did not select some other spot for his permanent home; and, certainly, we would have told Byron Kilbourn, who came a little later, that his dream of Milwaukee as a great trade center—the big city of the West—was a vain one.

The chief obstacles which have presented themselves ever since the beginning of the town are those which come from trying to build a city on a marsh. Some towns, like cactus, thrive on a dirt-dry plain, while Venice, with its canal streets, is still winner of the world beauty contest. Trying to plant a city on a mixture of land and water, however, has rarely been successful.

The Milwaukee, the Menomonee, and the Kinnickinnic Rivers join just before they empty into Lake Michigan. When Solomon Juneau first started his little settlement, the valleys of these three rivers were soggy, spongy swamps, covered with growths of tamarack and wild rice. The draining of these marshes has been a great problem.

In the first days of the growing town the Milwaukee River itself presented great difficulties. Conrad, in his "History of Milwaukee," says of it: "The Milwaukee River at that time was not very sure where its own mouth was, but had the uncertain habit of sometimes emptying itself into the lake at one place and then at another."

Despite all these difficulties, Milwaukee has grown steadily. In eighty-eight years, no longer than the span of the lifetime of many men, it has expanded from a mere village of seven hundred inhabitants, to a metropolis of half a million. The swamps have been drained; the Milwaukee River has been curbed considerably, although rumor tells us that the city is not yet through with that stream.

FLOATING FOUNDATION

Scattered throughout the city we find towering, imposing, semi-skyscrapers, many of them resting upon land that only a short time ago was inhabited by bulrushes and frogs. The Auditorium is an example of just such a building. It occupies a city block, and is built upon a "floating" foundation. Other buildings which never fail to attract attention, are the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance building, the huge City Hall, the First Wisconsin National Bank building, and the mammoth Wisconsin Theater.

Upon such a physical foundation rests the new Milwaukee, that is one of the leading manufacturing centers of the nation. A few years ago the value of her iron and steel products reached the sum of one hundred seventy-nine million dollars. Packed meats and leather goods together total almost as many millions of dollars. The knitting mills and soap factories also are important industries.

Milwaukee is the social lion among the lake cities in the number of calls recorded at her wharves. No other lake port boasts so many arrivals of vessels throughout the year. Such great quantities of coal are imported into the city that it ranks second among the lake ports in the receipt of that commodity. The number of canals built from the bay inland show that the problem of shipping has been a long, hard struggle, ever since 1835, when Byron Kilbourn's little ship, the "Badger," first steamed up the river.

It has been no easy matter to build up industries and trade such as we find in the city today. During the course of years, all three of the rivers have been dredged and widened to permit the entrance of larger vessels. When the city grew too large for the bay, the bay was made over. A sea wall has been constructed which protects an area of seventy acres.

On land there was no less difficulty. Many of the factories rest upon drained marshes, and there are people still residing in Milwaukee who tell of the great larks they used to have skating on the swamp where now are located the freight and stock yards of "Menomonee Valley."

Milwaukee's progress has been just as remarkable along other lines, particularly in civic improvements. One of its most noted institutions is the city museum, valued at two million dollars, and containing over three hundred thousand specimens. It boasts six high schools, sixty-four district schools, Marquette University, Milwaukee Downer College, a normal school, and an extension branch of the University of Wisconsin. Its water system is noted the world over for its efficiency and ability to more than pay its own cost of operating.

FIRST WATER SYSTEM

An interesting story is told of the first private water system. The proprietor of the old United States Hotel, formerly situated on Huron and East Water Streets, determined to have fresh water at any cost. So he fitted together tamarack pipes and laid them from his hotel to a spring close at hand. The result was highly satisfactory, and, if historians would allow us, we would add a sequel of increased popularity, higher prices, and a new carriage for the proprietor. The present city system comprises many pumping stations, and the new intake tunnel reaching out into the lake shows that in spite of all the water adjacent to and underneath the city, still it must struggle for pure drinking water.

The parks are also evidences of Milwaukee's victory over the elements. Thirty-five years ago there were eleven parks in the entire city, counting everything that could possibly be called a park. These made up a total of some seventy acres. Today, there are many times that amount, Evergreen Park alone comprising one hundred eighty acres. In Lake Park we see again the work of the dauntless Milwaukee spirit. Parts of this attractive spot have actually been built up out of the edge of the lake.

There is a fine golf course there, and natural ravines have been preserved and beautified. Washington Park is noted for its zoo, which ranks fifth largest in the United States and is one of the very few places where polar bears are being raised successfully in captivity. Here too, the monkeys have a little island to themselves, their only cage being the water which surrounds them.

Another hardship has been converted into a means of beautifying the city. This reference is to the necessity of building bridges across the three rivers which naturally divided the land. It is a far cry from the present time to the day when Byron Kilbourn built his first rude little bridge across the Menomonee River to connect his little settlement with the Chicago road. For now the rivers are crossed by bridges at every other block in the business section, many of them being objects of great beauty as well as service.

On the whole, the growth of Milwaukee has been rapid and steady, the overcoming of one difficulty after another. In four score years it has placed itself among the fifteen largest cities in the United States; it has lifted into the air buildings that can proudly hold up their heads when compared to those of other large cities; it has developed into the type of city that people like to live in—to such an extent that it is called "the city of homes." Milwaukee has done this by means of the undaunted spirit and determination in the face of the obstacle of having sprung up in the midst of a marsh.

Editorials

SCHOOLS AND AMERICAN IDEALS

THE effort and determination manifested in the building and establishment of our schools and colleges, and the tremendous energy with which our forbears strove for education, make a wonderful story. The sacrifices made by fathers and mothers to provide their children with better education than they themselves had enjoyed make up one of the finest chapters in American history.

We have heard of the mothers who have taken in washings to help defray the expenses of their sons in college; the mothers who have done the housework alone in order that their daughters might have opportunity for education; the fathers who have toiled on the farms and in the factories when the help of their children was needed, in order that their offspring might receive educational privileges to better fit them for life.

Men and women of wealth have endowed colleges and universities to broaden the field of opportunity. Religious denominations have erected and maintained institutions of learning. Public officials have lavished the taxpayers' money on our school system for the purpose of providing a more intelligent and useful citizenship.

This month, in Wisconsin, more than 850,000 boys and girls are beginning another year of education in our school system. Education in citizenship is an absolute necessity if the Republic is to endure. Our ability to meet and solve the great questions which have been vital in our development as a free nation has rested squarely on the sound basic training of our citizenship.

One of the serious questions for the people of this generation is: Does the influence of our schools make for the maintenance and improvement of American ideals, or are they running too much to fads and fallacies at the expense of the truth? Does the influence of our schools tend to develop great mothers and fathers and teachers and statesmen to uphold the fundamentals that have made us the greatest nation on earth, or are we falling below the standard set for us by former generations?

The 20,000 and more Wisconsin teachers can help to solve the problem.

OUR FEDERAL CONSTITUTION

THE greatest heritage that has fallen to any single people in history is our federal constitution. In this age of perplexing problems and chaotic conditions there is nothing that one can do with so great profit, to gain a clear concept of cause and remedy, as to go back and read the history of this country for a few years before the constitution was written and a few years after it was written. Before the constitution was written, the mob drove our congress from Philadelphia into New Jersey, Shay's Rebellion assaulted the courthouses in the state of Massachusetts, money was worth two and one-half cents on the dollar, and we had no credit anywhere. In that time of darkness and despair fifty-five men met and wrote the constitution, and almost immediately, for the first time in the history of the world, governmentally, light began to come out of chaos.

"We the people of the United States, in order to
1. Form a more perfect union,
2. Establish justice,
3. Insure domestic tranquility,
4. Provide for the common defense,
5. Promote the general welfare, and
6. Secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution of the United States of America."

Thus was born on September 17, 1787, the Republic of the United States of America. No structure can be more enduring than its foundation, or than the material of which it is built. The foundations of the structure of this government are our constitution and our American ideals, and these have been proved to be sound throughout all our history.

Few people realize that the people of this country made a flat failure of government until 1787, when the constitution was written. From 1776 to 1788 we were living on the same land, with the same people, the same able men; the Mayflower Compact had been written; the Declaration of Independence had been adopted; but after operating under the Articles of Confederation for twelve years we were in much the same condition in this country that Russia is today. In 1787 we wrote the constitution, founded the Republic, and in twelve years we had made great progress and won the admiration of the world because of our form of government. No better proof could be given of the great importance that the form of government plays in the welfare and progress of a people.

The six broad purposes outlined in the preamble, and as stated above, are the ground plan of the government we today enjoy. They are as essential to the continued growth and the maintenance of this nation as they were when originally adopted. One hundred thirty-seven years of growth under the constitution have thoroughly demonstrated its fitness to endure as planned, and further, that it could not endure as a free nation if subjected to any vital change.

Foreign countries are drifting and suffering through lack of stability in government. They are looking to this country for example and guidance. The times are pregnant with great possibilities for constructive work along governmental lines in our educational institutions. Many of the splendid men and women who are devoting their lives to educational work could greatly broaden their influence for good through a better understanding of the history of this country and a greater knowledge of the form of government established here under the constiution of the United States. Civilization is fairly crying for a better understanding of the past as a guide for the future.

The week of September 17 is Constitution week. Of all "weeks" that we observe, let us annually observe Constitution Week. There is nothing so important to this country as the nation-wide arousing of the old spirit which vitalized America throughout the first century of our National life.

THE EXCLUSIVE NORTH

MR. Typical Wisconsiner and his young wife lashed their tent and other camping equipment to their small touring car and embarked for the Wisconsin Land O' Lakes "playground" they had heard so much about. In their minds was a picture of the journey's end, their tent pitched in beautiful woods on a promontory overlooking some mirrored lake.

After motoring for hours over wonderful roads the forests began to thicken, and here and there the shimmer of water would be visible through the trees. It was time now to keep vigil for the camping place they had pictured. Yes, there were side roads leading to lakes, but usually the sign, "Private Property" or "Campers not Allowed."

So the little touring car went for miles and miles. At no time did there seem to be an unforbidden spot where they might camp. Perhaps at last they came upon a sign, "Tourist Campsite," and by paying a fee obtained permission to camp at a lake.

This experience is typical of many. Why is it? Records of real estate transfers show that more Northern Wisconsin lake land was bought up by real estate promoters of the large cities this year than ever before. This will go on in the years to come, for there is a demand for wooded land bordering on our ten thousand lakes.

Then what of the man of moderate income who has a vacation of one or two weeks once a year? Will the day come when he will be completely shut out from this northern playground through private ownership? He exults in these pleasures the same as others and is entitled to their enjoyment.

The State of Wisconsin has favored him in part by declaring that all lakes are public, but that does not mean much if the public has no access to them. Our Legislature therefore ought to create a group of public parks for camping purposes immediately by purchasing desirable sites on convenient lakes. Here is a chance to do something for the common man.

Charlotte Ouisconsin Clark, a True Pioneer Woman of the Northwest

By ONA B. EARLL

AMONG the records preserved of the pioneer women in the Northwest, few are so full of general interest as the story of Charlotte Clark, the first white child born in Western Wisconsin. Authenticity, variety, and charm are combined in the tale of her long, eventful life.

Charlotte Ouisconsin Clark Van Cleve was born at Fort Crawford in the old French trading village of Prairie du Chien, at the junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi Rivers, July 1, 1819, and died in Minneapolis in the early nineties. She witnessed the beginnings of civilized occupation of the Northwest territory and lived to enjoy its fruition.

The Mississippi valley of her first recollections was an untouched wilderness, its only highways the swift, full-flowing rivers, its white inhabitants scattered French-Canadian fur traders and a few small garrisons of soldiers in stockades and primitive forts hundreds of miles apart, lonely outposts of the American government for its dealings with the Indians.

She lived to see forests and Indians swept away, populous cities built and connected by railways, and world-known commercial industries established.

She was buried with military honors from a stately church not far from the spot where her first religious teachings had been sheltered by a spreading tree.

Mrs. Van Cleve was the daughter of Lieutenant Nathan Clark and his wife, Charlotte, members of the old-time regime of the regular army which ended with the passing of the frontier "the old army" as it came to be termed when the Civil War changed all things military.

In the winter of 1819 Lieut. and Mrs. Clark, with their infant son, one and a half years of age, were settled in Hartford, Connecticut, for a year's leave of absence from military duty.

There an unexpected summons recalled the lieutenant to his regiment, the Fifth Infantry, then in Detroit under orders to move to the Mississippi River and establish a military post at the mouth of the St. Peter's River, now Fort Snelling, near St. Paul, Minnesota.

Mrs. Clark, against her husband's protestations, insisted upon accompanying him on the long, hard journey, full of difficulties and dangers, rather than to be left in comfortable surroundings without him.

A stage journey of some weeks brought the young couple with their baby boy to Buffalo, where on the first of May they embarked on a lake schooner for Detroit, reaching there in time to move forward with the regiment up the Great Lakes to Fort Howard, (Green Bay) Wisconsin, thence in batteaux ascending the Fox River to Lake Winnebago.

Here Col. Leavenworth, commanding the expedition, held a parley with the Winnebago Indians to secure a peaceful passage through their territory to the Wisconsin River.

At "the Portage" near the site of the future Fort Winnebago and of the present city of Portage, the troops re-embarked on the Wisconsin River and on the first day of July reached Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien, then a primitive settlement of French and half-breeds, at the mouth of the Wisconsin on the Mississippi. From Lake Winnebago the expedition had followed the historic course of Marquette and Joliet who discovered the Mississippi at this point in June, 1673.

The two months' journey had been attended by a few dangers and many serious obstacles, with much rainy weather especially during the canoe trip down the Wisconsin. The entire party was exhausted and there were several cases of illness.

It was determined to remain at Fort Crawford some weeks for rest and renewal of strength before proceeding up the Mississippi to the designated end of their journey.

The transportation of supplies had been attended with so much difficulty that, notwithstanding all possible care, the pork barrels leaked badly and the contents were damaged. The flour had been so exposed to dampness that for the depth of three inches or more it was solid blue mold, and there was no choice between this fare and starvation, for the country around the fort afforded no supplies.

NAMED "OUISCONSIN"

Just at this juncture, scarcely an hour after arrival, Mrs. Clark's second child was born and named Charlotte for her mother, with "Ouisconsin," the French spelling of the beautiful river down which they had just traveled, for her middle name. She was the first full-white child born in Prairie du Chien, though the place had been settled by French and half-breeds for more than a half century.

Through July and August the expedition remained at Fort Crawford and in September proceeded up the Mississippi in boats to the mouth of St. Peter's River where, the following spring, Col. Leavenworth was relieved by Col. Josiah Snelling and the fort then in process of construction was officially named Fort Snelling.

The previous commandant of the post, until then known as Fort St. Anthony, was Col. McNeil, whose wife was a sister of Franklin Pierce.

Here the Fifth regiment remained for some years, their nearest white neighbors three hundred miles away at Prairie du Chien, the Indians of the surrounding country outnumbering them by hundreds.

Supplies came by boat from St. Louis at irregular intervals and mail semi-annually and later quarterly by Indian pony riders from Prairie du Chien.

In the month of May, 1823, the first steamboat reached Fort Snelling, the "Virginia," 118 feet in length, 22 feet in width, built by Knox and McKee at Wheeling, West Virginia, and laden with government supplies for the fort.

Charlotte Clark, then four years of age, remembered the coming of the first steamboat, and forty-one years later, in 1864, she was again in St. Paul to see the first train of cars leave Fort Snelling.

In 1825 Lieut. Clark took his family to New England for a visit, traveling by way of Prairie du Chien, St. Louis, and New Orleans by boat to New York. In St. Louis little Charlotte for the first time saw men dressed in civilian clothes which made a life-long impression upon a child who had hitherto seen only soldiers in uniform. Among the persons remembered in connection with this eastern visit was the widow of Alexander Hamilton, whom they met in New York.

In 1827 the family came to Fort Crawford and remained a year, Lieut. Clark, now a captain, being sent here with his company to strengthen the garrison in anticipation of trouble with the Indians, the dissensions then brewing between whites and Indians resulting a few years later in the Black Hawk War.

Then followed two years of recruiting duty at Nashville, Tennessee, where the family became acquainted with General Andrew Jackson, then presidential candidate, and with his wife, and were several times visitors at their home, "The Hermitage."

Mrs. Jackson's sudden death occurred after her husband's election and before his inauguration and was thought to have been caused by overjoy at his success. Capt. Clark was one of the military escort at her funeral.

Another notable acquaintance of the Clark family during their stay in Nashville was Samuel Houston, afterward so prominently identified with the early history of Texas.

Capt. Clark being detailed at Fort Howard, Wisconsin, Mrs. Clark spent

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Marcus Wheeler, Poet and Philosopher

His Products Are in Sharp Contrast to Those of His Sister, Ella Wheeler Wilcox

By GEORGE LEON VARNEY

Marcus Wheeler

NOT FAR FROM the capitol of Wisconsin lives Marcus A. Wheeler, brother of America's late premier poet, Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Despite the grand old age he has attained —some eighty odd years—his eye remains undimmed, and the deep interest he takes in current events helps him more than anything else to tighten his grip upon the staff of life.

To this particular brother, the late Mrs. Wilcox owed her early support and education. Their parents having met with financial reverses, it became necessary for the youth Marcus to leave his district school advantages at the early age of fifteen and to help the burden of providing bread and shoes for himself and three younger dependents, Ella being the youngest. Standing by the duty which devolved upon him, and with the help of his sister Sara, five years younger, he managed to subdue the wild prairie and make a farm. The father's farming was done under disadvantages, owing to physical handicap, and utter incompatibility between him and farm labor. Hence, the youth Marcus became a captain of industry, a keystone, so to speak, holding together the arch of the home, its weight of cares and responsibilities.

Ella, ever mindful of the debt of gratitude she owed her brother, took occasion in her autobiography to lay stress upon this dark and anxious period, adding most feelingly—

"My eldest brother sacrificed his personal ambitions and aims to devote his early youth to aiding the family through very hard times. His whole youth was one of service and sacrifice for others. I remember one Christmas, money being very close indeed, when this brother rode seven miles horseback on a bitter day to get two little books for the Christmas of my brother and myself, so that our day should not be wholly blank."

Like his talented sister, our octogenarian friend inherited a keen taste for poetry and general literature from his mother. She was an adept at improving rhymes and verses. Gifted as she was with a wonderful power of expression, she had, "by constant reading and a marvelous memory, acquired a rich vocabulary." Her love for books and the encouragement she gave her children in their efforts to procure an education, were the things that kept her afloat through all the hardships of pioneering, and financial shipwreck.

Way back in 1859 when Ella's fingers were just learning to hold a pen, and the alphabet was but little more than a Chinese puzzle to her eyes, her farmer brother started to make his way into the editor's sanctum sanctorum with his rhymes and bits o' philosophy. Since then, with the exception of three years spent as a sergeant in putting down the Southern Confederacy, he has been busy, at times, jotting down his poetic inspirations.

Well Fitted

His vigorous intellect and his rare felicity of expression have peculiarly fitted him to employ himself in literary production. But most unfortunately, he has not been at liberty to make the most of his talent. Financial honor and the "call of the blood" have restricted his literary efforts to merely diversions. "What I have done in a scribbling way," remarks the aged writer, "has helped me to keep out of other mischievous attacks upon my neighbors and the public."

Unlike his well-known sister, Mr. Wheeler has made no attempt in his verses to present the sentimental side of things. He has no desire to mount the so-called "scale of human emotion," nor does he pretend to give sage advice. He cannot be classed with the subtle sobbers of succulent songs; and as a crystal gazer he sees no orb but the finite one.

Better than all else, there is truth unmistakibly in his verses, the truth of experience. Stark reality versus roseate hues and dreamy visions with him. To be sure, he's optimistic; but at the same time he is not blind to prevalent evils. His spicy articles which he launches forth from time to time reflect his interest in educational matters, in temperance movements, and in all other objects looking to the welfare of society. With boldness and severity he criticizes measures and men. Hence he has no great reputation for flattering the world—nor does he desire such reputation.

George Leon Varney, Executive Secretary of West Duluth Y. M. C. A., writer of this article and personal friend of Marcus A. Wheeler, the poet..

It was not until 1908 that Mr. Wheeler mustered up courage to gather together his first accumulation of verses between covers. For a title he chose that non-aristocratic, culinary term applied to chopped, seasoned, and warm ed-up fragments of the preceding meal, i. e., "Hash." The volume was published as a "counter irritant" against unspeakable loneliness, his wife having died a few months previous.

On opening the cover of this volume, so suggestive of being a "conservation of food bulletin," the eye falls upon a pure food label setting forth, as it were, the ingredients of the famous boarding house dish. It is worded thus—

"Hash"

This "hash" is composed of some rhythmical "scraps"—
(A mixture of politics, pathos and gall;
Sentiment, satire, religion,—perhaps),
And I do not advise you to read it at all.

The preface of the volume is just as unique, and carries with it a guarantee as well as a dare. In part it reads—

Dear Reader:
This "hash" is offered to you strictly on its merits; and sold like Castoria, under a guarantee of "satisfaction or money refunded."
The dates appended indicate that some of the "scraps" have a peculiar value as "prehistoric remains," since they date back fifty years or more.
Later, as the scramble for bread and butter was less wearing upon the flesh, the spirit moved

more frequently and was never grieved away by mercenary attempts to make merchandise of the fruits of the spirit.

These fragments were written, always upon sudden impulse, usually at one sitting, and have been the writer's diversion. They are now published to please a few partial friends, and, as another kind of diversion. Possibly some of them may touch responsive chords in hearts of heathen men and women who read them. Who knows?

They cannot be called poetry—(Poets "do not understand themselves," they are so ecstatic!) Poets present the most extravagant propositions as great truths! Stern contact with this world has taught the writer that "All gates" do not "unlock to those who persevere," either in literature, business, war, love or burglary! He prefers truth to optimism. Therefore, these scraps are merely rhymes and blank verse, not poetry. READ THEM, IF YOU DARE!

After issuing the volume, Mr. Wheeler was informed that another man (a Mr. Lloyd of Dixon, Illinois) had published a collection under a somewhat similar title. Of course, Mr. Wheeler at once challenged the newcomer to meet him on the state line and with chopping knives settle chef rights. As the challenged party, Mr. Lloyd objected to chopping knives as very unsuitable for dueling purposes, since one of them might get hurt, but suggested two bowls of hash, and that each Hashman commence slinging handfuls on sight. Later they agreed to abuse each other through the press, wasting ink instead of hash.

Herewith is a specimen blow from the sergeant's right—

There's a "butcher" down in Dixon,
Advertises "Home-made Hash!"
(It is wicked to play tricks on
Reading people—just for cash!)
Never let old Lloyd deceive you.
Windsor hash is Simon Pure.
Home-made hash comes from Chicago—
(I've been told—I'm not quite sure.)

When you feel an inward craving
For good literary diet,
Turn a deaf ear to his raving,
I may tell you, "on the quiet,"
Lloyd's old stuff is just "rank pizen!"
Wheeler's Hash is good and pure.
There's preservaline in hisn!
(So I'm told—I'm not quite sure.)

The statutes of Wisconsin
Permit the sale of mine.
Lloyd dare not send his Home-made Hash
Across the old state line!
When you want something good to read
Always remember this:
The only hash is "Wheeler's Hash."
Chopped up in Windsor, Wis.

A careful analysis of Wheeler's "Hash" reveals the fact that it contains some very good pieces. Take for instance his "Three Questions for a Naturalist," or the lines, "A Business Man's Religion."

What naturalist could withstand Wheeler's "third degree?"

One morning in Autumn while out for a ride
Some thousands of voices along the roadside
Broke forth into song, as we trotted along,—
And gave us a symphony, hearty and strong.

The birds left behind us would pass on the word
Then lapse into silence with perfect accord;
While all the near tree tops were full of their glee;
And it certainly seemed they were singing for me.
But who trained that choir? And which of them led?
What fills the small space in a tiny bird's head?
And how could the birdies hatched only last spring
Acquire ability anthems to sing?
Instinct? Heredeity? Constant selection?
Shall we say evolution has led to perfection?
Did they sing the same song in the morn of creation?
Or have they at times had Divine Revelation?

* * *

Have you ever sat down, at the falling of night
To watch, till the dawning of morning's grey light,
While gnats and mosquitoes were tuning their lyres
And lightning-bugs fitfully poking their fires?
Your musket at ready, with every sense
Alert and acute, nerves painfully tense;—
(For the reason that just over there in the wood
Is a good Christian soldier who thirsts for your blood!)

Upon such an occasion, I heard from the marsh
A discordant bellow, repellant and harsh,
It startled me so that I sprang from the log;—
But shortly discovered 'twas merely a frog!
For quick, in response to his violoncello
Came all the frog parts, from a peep to a bellow.
It was frolic and symphony, blended in one,
And all the frog family joined in the fun.
A silence would follow, till over the marsh
Resounded that signal, discordant and harsh;
Then voice after voice would take up the refrain
And swell the full chorus again, and again!

Now, Who teaches pollywogs anthems to sing?
This question comes back to me, every spring.
Has their song been evolved? Was it thus at creation?
Or has it improved by Divine Revelation?
Do they sing in accordance with natural laws?
Or is all their singing "just merely because?"

Here's a bit from the selection,—"A Business Man's Religion"—

I admire the golden rule, and the beatitudes.
The decalogue appeals to common sense.—
But we can't run business, on such platitudes!
A business man must cheat in self-defense.

I love the flag, our country, and the law,
Yet every now and thne, I seem to be
In places where I'm glad to find a flaw
Which enables me to REALIZE, don't you see?

In 1909 Mr. Wheeler again ventured forth. This time with a volume of finer chopped hash, known as "Hasheesh." Highly spiced songs, savory questions, along with candle and camp reflections, fried and treated in a la Wheeler fashion, fill its pages.

Is Broad-Minded

His "Another View of Judas" from the volume is worth while, as is also his query, "Who Can Believe It?" His broadmindedness versus the narrow view is evident in both selections. The closing lines of the former are especially worthy of reproduction—

"The Master" commanded, that one should betray,
That the Scripture might all be fulfilled.
No "legions of angels" were summoned that day!
He died, as the Father had willed.

Had no one betrayed, we could never be saved
Salvation must ever elude us.
The whole race would be unredeemed and depraved.
Then why speak unkindly of Judas?

If published as an anonymous poem, his "Sunday Reflections" would bear strong internal evidence of being Longfellow's. Take, if you will, the concluding thought so beautifully expressed. It would be hard to match it, either for depth of reasoning or for language employed.

Man's vilest sins
Through complex laws of life, may work great good
For men of races yet unborn. Who knows?
"By miracle," say you? Nay, nay, by law.
Since "God is great and doeth all things well."
(And, in his own good time, all under law.)
For you and me, and all on earth today
"The wage of sin is death;" yet we but make
A stepping stone, up evolution's heights.

Mrs. Wilcox had the rare faculty of being able to grain her poems with balm and sunshine. Some of her lines, however, carry more sentiment than truth, according to her brother's way of thinking. The oft-quoted expression of hers, "the one worth while is the one who can smile when everything goes dead wrong," doesn't harmonize with his belief in matters at all; at least not with some of his personal experience with smilers.

Here's his view plus sarcasm as well as argument.—

When the hail or tornado comes rushing along
And lays all your property flat,
Would you shout loud hosannas, and sing the glad song
And grin like a Cheshire cat?

When banks have suspended and notes are all due,
With your corns and your teeth on the jump,
Would you want your best friend to keep smiling at you
Like an unsympathetic old chump?

The one who keeps smiling like Bret Harte's Chinese,
With everything going dead wrong,
Is a party whom few of us happen to see;
(Though he looks well in verse or in song.)

To declare he's the only-est fellow worth while,"
Is stating the case rather strong;
For the veriest villian can smile—and s-m-i-l-e
And—Oh pshaw! Ella Wheeler— Go 'long.

Who is right? Due respect for both, we do not pretend to know. And what is more, a telescope has two ends with which to view the things of life.

Study of Lakes

IMPORTANT, interesting, and standing as a fine example of the earnest scientific endeavor to the student and faculty bodies of the University of Wisconsin, are the research studies conducted by President-Emeritus E. A. Birge. For 33 years the President has concerned himself with the careful study of lakes, notably Lake Mendota.

The lakes of Wisconsin constitute one of the great economic resources of the state, and they are equally one of the great sources of pleasure and happiness to the people. They have a net economic value to the state at least comparable with that of a similar area of land. While the nation and the state spend hundreds of thousands of dollars annually in the study of the problems of agriculture, the problems of lakes has been left unattended by scientific study except for that given at the direction of Dr. Birge. His work has made Wisconsin pre-eminent in among communities which have taken active part in the study of lakes.

Dr. Birge's studies have related chiefly to the nature and amount of the fundamental food present in the lakes, the food which determines the quantity of fish which the lake can support. He has examined all the chemical, physical, and biological conditions of life in the lakes—sources of energy, temperature, oxygen, and life cycles. His experiments have been carried on almost wholly with methods and apparatus devised in Wisconsin.

They have been, in every sense of the word, pioneer scientific studies in a field most important from practical and scientific standpoints. Other states and other countries have undertaken studies modeled after Dr. Birge's work.

And so it is that the lakes of Wisconsin are recognized all over the world by biological stations and fish commissioners as among those from which is coming knowledge that is fundamental to the solution of their practical problems.

Ancient Instincts Were Really Modern

Prehistoric Races Chose Sites Favored Today by Milwaukeeans

By MARY M. BRANDEL

"MILWAUKEE'S numerous Indian mounds at once attest the attractiveness of that favorite locality to the aboriginal inhabitants," William Barry has said in his "Antiquities of Wisconsin." That aboriginal earthern mounds are found at points which have been selected as the most desirable sites for modern settlements, notable among which is the site of Milwaukee, is remarkable, but true. This is illustrative of the fact that the instincts of both civilized and uncivilized man tend to be attracted to those places which combine the beautiful and the useful.

The total number of all classes of aboriginal mounds in Milwaukee county is 217. Of this number, 169 are located within the present limits of the city of Milwaukee, 109 on the south, 47 on the west, and 13 on the east side. They extend from Kinnickinnic creek, near the Indian fields, where they are most abundant, to a point six miles above the city, occupying the high grounds contiguous to the lake and streams, but not the immediate shore. A considerable number are appropriately enclosed in the Forest Home cemetery.

Milwaukee has been since the earliest days of its settlement the center of archeological interest in Wisconsin. Many of its mounds are of large extent and are laid out in fanciful forms resembling the figures of turtles, lizards, birds, the otter, and the buffalo; not a few of them have the form of a war club. In certain instances a mound may be elevated so as to overlook or command many others, which fact has led to the conjecture of its being an observatory, or more probably an alter mound for sacrificial or religious rites.

MOUND TRACES DESTROYED

When Dr. Increase A. Lapham, distinguished pioneer antiquarian, came to Milwaukee in 1836, where he continued his valuable researches until his death in 1875, the region abounded in great mound groups. But every trace of most of the early mound groups known to him and recorded, particularly those once situated along the Milwaukee river, has been destroyed, the sites now being occupied by streets and buildings.

A group of conical burial mounds was at one time located on the present site of Lake Park. These conical or round mounds, investigation has shown, were constructed for burial purposes. In them have been found human bones, and occasionally ornaments, utensils, and implements which were interred with the dead.

Of this previously extensive group of mounds only one now remains, the others having been destroyed in the grading of a portion of the land when it was being prepared for park purposes. This single memento of the ancient races who dwelt in the Lake Park region thousands of years before it could be called a park is marked with a fine metal tablet, erected by the Board of Park Commissioners in 1910, upon the suggestion of the Wisconsin Archeological society. This body has in recent years accomplished much for the cause of American archeology by properly organizing and systematizing archeological research in Wisconsin, being organized in Milwaukee in 1899.

This lone Lake Park rampart is forty feet in diameter and two feet high. On it a number of young ash, elm, and maple trees have been planted.

The present site of the attractive Mitchell Park, too, was in the early days the site of an Indian village. The presence of an aboriginal village there was first detected by O. L. Hollister, a member of the Archeological society, when land, being added by the city to the park, was to be improved. Flint chips and other unmistakable evidences of aboriginal residence were found. The point at which these indications of previous Indian occupation were most plentiful was that upon which the Vieau memorial log cabin has since been erected by the Milwaukee Old Settlers' club.

FEW MOUNDS PRESERVED

It is to be regretted, however, that of the thousands of Indian implements found on the site of Milwaukee since the day of its settlement, but a comparatively small number have been preserved in public and private collections.

An oval shaped earthwork of aboriginal source is described as having been located within the present city block enclosed by Wisconsin, Mason, Broadway, and Milwaukee streets. This mound is reported to have occupied nearly the entire block, the earthen wall being "about the height of a man's shoulders." It was razed, however, in 1835 by George D. Dousman, and its annihilation was completed the next year. The Wells building and the Miller block now occupy the Wisconsin street frontage of this site, making it hard to conceive of the time when this business district was a primeval country, occupied by a great mound built by our primtive ancestors who roamed the adjacent open prairies.

Oak Trees Growing in the Conical Mounds Shown Here Indicate in a Vague Way the Age of the Mounds. The Depression in the Center of the Mound to the Left Marks the Place Where Investigators Have Dug into it and Found Curios.

A "man mound," 150 feet long, is reported to have been razed when Wisconsin street was being graded in the spring of 1836. This effigy, however, was probably intended to represent a bird rather than a human figure. Such effigy or emblematic mounds as still remain are considered by authorities to be the most singular ancient Indian structures on the continent. They are limited almost exclusively to this state, and especially to the southern half of it. Nearly all of them are constructed to represent the animals with which their early Indian authors were familiar. Among the animals thus portrayed in the earth by these ancient builders are the bear, the deer, the panther, the beaver, the wildcat, the wolf, the mink, the squirrel, and other native animals, birds of several species, the snake, the turtle, and other reptiles, the mammals usually being depicted in profile and the others flat.

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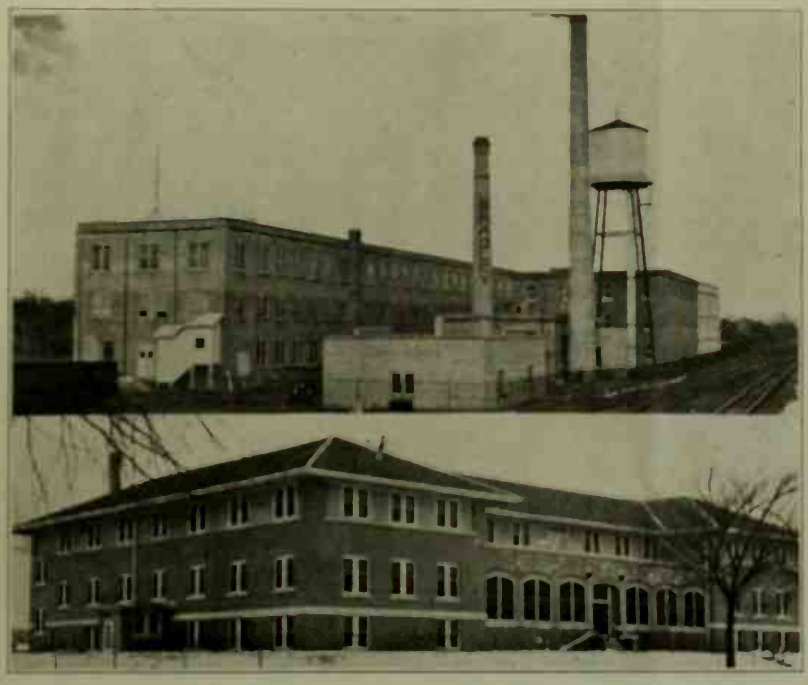
How a Wisconsin Firm Helps to Keep the Nation Warm

By CHILTON R. BUSH



Two buildings of the largest knitting company in the world. Above—factory of the Bradley Knitting Co., Delavan. Below—Bradley Hall, the girls' dormitory.

"MORE than a living" is offered to employees of the largest manufacturers of outer knitwear in Wisconsin. A chance to be human beings, to work in a comfortable atmosphere, and to live in an attractive home are included in the "more."

The home of the Bradley Knitting Company, Delavan, Wisconsin, is a delightful town of some 3,000 people in the winter, augmented in the summer by scores of visitors who spend their vacations in cottages at Lake Delavan.

A definite spirit of home pervades the community; a spirit of well-being, of congenial associations, of friendliness, of comfort, of geniality.

Physically, the town is one of the most attractive in southern Wisconsin. Down the center of its main street, Walworth Avenue, is a parkway filled with shrubs and grass, giving the appearance of a meticulously cared-for metropolitan drive and a fresh country road.

A splendid system of lighting, paved streets, large airy stores, and public buildings of unusual quality give Delavan the atmosphere of a city rather than that of a town—and there is something that makes one think it is a community carefully groomed in every detail.

A little off the avenue is situated the Bradley factory, a pleasant-looking building, with lawns and trees near and around it, parking spaces for the automobiles of employees, and, across the street, Bradley Hall, which houses about 80 of the women employees.

Twenty Years Old

Twenty years ago a Chicago business man conceived the idea of establishing in Delavan, where land was inexpensive and other costs proportionately low, a factory to produce knitted outer wear. He was successful in starting the establishment, but owing to other factors which entered into the matter, he found that the business was not all to his liking. It seemed too good a proposition to let go by, and finally some Delavan citizens became interested in it, with the result that W. H. Tyrell and J. J. Phoenix, who were then engaged in the retail dry goods business, agreed to take over the concern.

Because their firm was called W. W. Bradley & Co., the new business was named the Bradley Knitting Company.

And with such a birth, the establishment which has become one of the foremost of its kind with a world-wide business, has grown into maturity and now has two branches, one in Milwaukee and a second in Beloit.

Besides business ability, Mr. Tyrell and Mr. Phoenix brought something else to the new concern. A spirit of cooperation, of harmonious development, which gave it an impetus of inestimable value.

The small building which had been constructed to originally house the firm was utilized and improved, and the present factory is built around that nucleus.

Although the business was first started because of a would-be factory boom in Delavan, such as every town has experienced some time in its life, citizens of the town became opposed to it as it developed, principally because of the fact that they thought a so-called "undesirable element" would be brought into the life of the community.

However, the Bradley company soon showed itself to be the exception which proves the rules. A carefully selected group of men and women are the workers, chosen by a woman experienced in the reading of character, and the psychology of the individual as well as of the group. The same woman, aside from having charge of employment, is the matron of Bradley Hall, and is the first-aid nurse. Adjoining her office is an immaculate room, prepared to care for any emergency which may arise.

Bradley Hall

An applicant for a position goes into her office and is given a chair beside the desk. While her keen and discerning eye appraises the girl, the employment official questions her concerning former positions, why she left the most recent, a few minor things regarding her family, what sort of work and what sort of recreation she prefers, and whether she would rather live in the Hall or in some rooming-house. Ordinarily, however, new girls are put up in the Hall for at least two or three days until they are acclimated to their work and to the town, and then, if they want to move, they are at liberty to do so.

The Hall itself is a pleasant building, with a delightfully furnished living room on the first floor, in which the residents are at liberty to receive guests. Here, also, they hold their various social functions. The commons take the form of a cafeteria which is open to men employees and guests as well as to women. Airy, light, and convenient kitchens and storage rooms adjoin the cafeteria and afford ample room for all preparations. The rooms on the upper floors are simply furnished and are attractive as well as comfortable.

Simple regulations are enforced, such as those concerning the recreation hours allowed employees at night, when they may receive guests, and so on, but in view of the number of women under the supervision of the matron, the rules are surprisingly few. Owing, probably,

to the amount of freedom, however, the restrictions are seldom violated by residents of the Hall.

The extraordinary courtesy with which visitors in the plant are treated on tours of inspection is apparent at once. No foreman or supervisor is too busy to give attention to a guest, to explain in minute detail the working of an interesting machine, an unusual process, or to show samples of new patterns in the various garments manufactured by the company.

The departments are arranged in the building in logical order, from that in which the raw wool is wound into cones for use on the knitting machines, to that in which the finished garments are given final inspection and are packed into the fresh grey boxes bearing the Bradley label.

"Into a Bradley and out-of-doors" has become synonymous with knitwear because of the wide-spread advertising which has been given the slogan. And with a Bradley on, one may slip into the water, into a game of golf, into a motor-car, or into the hills and fields for walks of exploration. Truly, they are garments manufactured with an aim to provide the wearers with pure pleasure as well as with comfort and style.

The Products

At the Delavan plant are made sweaters of all kinds, from the dainty, light wool slip-overs to be worn with fresh white skirts or knickers, to the exceedingly heavy shakers to be worn for ice skating.

In the Milwaukee branch are made bathing suits and golf sox, and at the Beloit branch much of the finishing work is done.

Production figures give a clue to the size of the business. About 1,500 dozen sweaters, 600 to 700 dozen bathing suits, and 2,000 dozen novelties, which include caps, scarfs, gloves, earmuffs, and golf sox, are made in the three factories each week. Approximately 550 employees are on the payroll of the Delavan plant, 250 at Beloit, and 750 at Milwaukee. These figures include men and women, and both piece and hour workers.

The most fascinating machines are those which knit the sport sweaters with the gay designs of many colors. They are round and have a myriad of needles, which are threaded according to the pattern of the sweater. When one length is finished, the machine automatically knits a few rows to show the division, and goes right on to the completion of another garment. Sleeves and cuffs are made on other machines, smaller but resembling the main one. The golf sox, many of which are knitted in the same patterns as those in the sweaters, to form outfits, are made on an odd-looking machine, which automatically turns the heel and toe in the most astonishing manner.

Big horizontal machines knit the heavier sweaters, such as the shakers, each piece of knitted material being weighted down with a heavy bar, which keeps it in the proper shape and size.

The buttons are sewed on by small sewing machines, the needles of which whir rapidly through the holes. Buttonholes are then cut and sewed with another machine. The operators of these machines work with amazing speed and accuracy, putting on both big buttons and anchor buttons, and measuring for the button-holes, apparently scarcely stopping to breathe.

Since occasional stitches are dropped, special workers are detailed to go over every garment, to pick up such stitches and to mend them. They work with such care and delicacy that it is impossible to find the caught places when they have finished.

Co-operation, friendliness, simplicity and earnestness are four of the most apparent traits that exist throughout the whole factory. Each department shows these, through not only the foremen but also through the individual worker.

ORTHODOX, LIBERAL AND REFORM

(Continued from Page 3)

Ghetto in either of the two wealthier Jewish communities. The Ghetto, which has offered an unlimited amount of material for the writer, with all its romance and glamor as well as its filth and dilapidation, will vanish. And in its place?—one can only conjecture.

II.

The second group of Jews are the newly prosperous who style themselves "liberally orthodox." Most of them have been in America for a decade or more, have amassed small fortunes, and have, in consequence, outgrown the Ghetto. They have moved from it into the new Washington Park residential district, near the western limits of the city. These Jews constitute the clothing store owners, the real estate dealers, the merchants, the doctors, the lawyers, and the dentists.

Upon achieving this affluence, these Jews begin to chafe under the restrictions of the orthodox religion and soon discard it for a composite orthodox and reform worship, one that is more in keeping with their material prosperity. It is from this class that Fanny Hurst draws material for practically all of her novels of Jewish life.

These Jews possess a house of worship that is far more beautiful than the orthodox synagogues of Milwaukee. Their synagogue is more than a house of prayer. It is the center for social gatherings, for meetings of societies, and for congregations of all kinds. At the services, the prayers are given, in part, in English; talks and sermons are delivered in English. Hebrew is read but little; dialectic Jewish has practically disappeared from this community.

III.

The third group constitutes the wealthy Jews of Milwaukee—the rich lawyers and bankers and salesmen, the department and large clothing store owners, the clothing manufacturers, and merchants of other descriptions. Their mansions are in the northeast section of the city, along Lake Drive and Prospect Avenue, and in the elite, restricted suburb of Shorewood.

These Jews are a bit ostentatious, sometimes snobbish, and very definitely separated from the Jews of the Ghetto. They have no common interest with orthodox Jews except in occasional "drives" for money for a Jewish homeland, for a Jewish seminary, and for other Jewish institutions. Concomitant with the rise in material wealth does their religion draw away from the orthodox.

At present, these Jews have entirely discarded the orthodox religion and the synagogue, to become supporters of the reform religion and the reform temple. To the orthodox Jew it appears that the reform Jew has devitalized the religion completely and has made it a matter for mere monetary enjoyment rather than for sincere worship.

The temples of this class number two, the B'ne Jerhurun and the Temple Emanuel. It is interesting to note that the orthodox synagogue with its implication of a place of worship, merely, has become a reform temple with its broader connotation of a beautiful and stately edifice.

The new Temple Emanuel, in the northeast elite district, built at a cost of one-half million dollars, is declared to be the most beautiful structure of its kind in the city. Sermons in English by the rabbi of the temple replace the prayers that are chanted in common in the orthodox synagogue, by both the congregation and the cantor. Members of the fold come to listen to a speaker rather than to pray to a God.

The organ is prohibited in the synagogue; but here it is played regularly on the Sabbath. Uncovering of the head constitutes a desecration in the synagogue; in the reform temple it is the customary practice. In the synagogue a separate balcony is constructed for the women; in the temple, men and women sit side by side. Long-bearded Jews still present in great numbers in the synagogue are conspicuously absent in the temple; all are clean shaven.

Orthodox, liberal, reform — these three divisions mark Judaism everywhere: in Milwaukee, in Moscow, or in Palestine. These three divisions typify not only religion but life itself. In principles and in thought men the world over are aligning themselves with one of these categories; everywhere, friction and conflict arise as a result.

OUR COVER PAGE

The picture used on the front cover of this issue of The Wisconsin Magazine was an entry in the South Bend Bait $2,000 Fish-Photo contest. The photograph is by S. W. Swenson, Cumberland, Wisconsin.

Wisconsin has 20,000 teachers. Only mothers surpass them in wielding an influence upon the kind of a state we shall have in 1945.

We spend less than one-half of one per cent of our wealth yearly on education. Rather low insurance rate for civilization.

CHARLOTTE OUISCONSIN CLARK

(Continued from Page 13)

the next few years in Cincinnati, where her children were in school. In later life Charlotte Clark Van Cleve wrote of this sojourn. In 1829 Cincinnati was very different from the great city which now spreads over the beautiful hills and extends miles along the Ohio River. It was a clean, pretty, flourishing town, a delightful home. The dense smoke now hanging like a pall over the valley was not known then and the atmosphere was clear and bright.

Nicholas Longworth was the great man then; his strawberries and his beautiful gardens were famous, and his sudden rise from comparative poverty to great wealth, mostly by successful ventures in real estate, was marvelous, such instances being rare in those days.

He was an eccentric but very kind hearted man, very good to the poor and he had many warm friends.

Salmon P. Chase was then an energetic and promising young lawyer in Cincinnati, and Bellamy Storer, later the distinguished jurist, was beginning his career.

The Asiatic cholera visited the United States for the first time in 1832 and in Cincinnati its ravages were dreadful. Business was suspended, schools closed, and the air was full of "farewells to the dying and mourning for the dead."

BACK TO WISCONSIN

In 1833 the Clarks left Cincinnati and went to Fort Winnebago on the Fox River, Wisconsin. This was just at the close of the Black Hawk War.

Mrs. Van Cleve's account of this journey has authoritative bearing on the oft-disputed story of the elopement of Jefferson Davis, then a lieutenant stationed at Fort Crawford, with a daughter of the commandant, Zachary Taylor.

Charlotte Clark was then fourteen years of age, and she thus records her impressions: "On our way to our new station we stopped several days at Fort Crawford, to rest and prepare for our journey of nearly a week overland to Fort Winnebago, and were entertained at the hospitable quarters of Col. Zachary Taylor, then in command of the post.

"Our host and hostess were so cordial and made us so comfortable and at home, Miss Knox Taylor was so lovely and little Dick and Betty such delightful playmates that we enjoyed our visit there and have always remembered it with great pleasure.

"And when we learned only a short time after our arrival at our journey's end that Lieut. Jefferson Davis had carried off beautiful Miss Knox in spite of the parents' watchfulness and her father's absolute commands, our grief and indignation knew no bounds.

"The Colonel and his wife never recovered from the shock and they never saw their child again. There was no reconciliation between the parties and the beloved, misguided daughter died six months after leaving home.

"It is said that the only time the father ever again spoke to the younger man was on the battlefield in Mexico. Capt. Davis made a successful movement, and in passing him Gen. Taylor, as commanding officer of the division, said: 'That was well done, Captain.' "

After leaving Prairie du Chien Captain Clark and his family found no inns or public houses on their long, rough journey over the newly made military road to Fort Winnebago, but one night a halt was called in front of a low log house of two rooms connected by an enclosed passage-way which served the purpose of an eating room.

The mistress of the house was the wife of a steamboat captain on the Mississippi, but owing to some irreconcilable difference of sentiment, she refused to live with him and was miserably poor. Her husband had sent by Capt. Clark some articles of clothing and this served as an introduction.

She was a tall, fine looking woman with the dignity of a princess and was a niece of James Fennimore Cooper, living with her father, an incurable consumptive, in a comfortless log cabin in the wilderness. From their own provisions Capt. and Mrs. Clark added sugar, tea, and other supplies to the fare of the invalid and passed a memorable evening in the company of his remarkably cultured daughter.

In 1834 Charlotte Clark and her brother were sent east to school, the brother to West Point, and the sister to a girls' boarding school in New Haven. The journey from Fort Howard by lake to Buffalo, stopping at Detroit and Niagara, thence by canal, railroad and steamboat to New York, consumed one month.

The sixteen-mile ride by rail from Schenectady to Albany was over the first piece of railroad opened for travel in the United States. In coming to a steep grade the passengers alighted while the train was drawn up the slope by stationary machinery.

Charlotte Clark was married before her seventeenth birthday to Lieutenant H. P. Van Cleve, at Fort Winnebago, Wisconsin.

Lieut. Van Cleve shortly afterward resigned from the army and they lived first in Cincinnati, then for some years in Ann Arbor. Mrs. Van Cleve said: "At Ann Arbor we watched the growth of the University of Michigan from its infancy when Chancellor Tappan took it in hand and gave it an impetus which changed it from an academy to a vigorous, go-ahead college with wonderful possibilities."

Later the Van Cleves with their children moved to Minnesota and at the breaking out of the Civil War, H. P. Van Cleve entered the Second Regiment, Minnesota Volunteer Infantry, and rose to the rank of General.

In 1878 and '79 Gen. and Mrs. Van Cleve made a prolonged visit to Hawaii, where King Kalakaua was then ruler. "Not as wise as Solomon," was Mrs. Van Cleve's comment on the dusky king, "and for many years in the hands of an intriguing cabinet."

On March 22, 1886, at their home in Minneapolis, Gen. and Mrs. Van Cleve celebrated their golden wedding, both living for some years after that event, surrounded by children and grandchildren and held in high honor by the city whose entire growth they had witnessed.

The career of Mrs. Van Cleve's only brother, Malcolm Clark, was one of adventure and romance sufficient to satisfy the wildest dreams of boyhood.

In 1834 he entered West Point at the age of seventeen. A year or so later he was dismissed from the military academy for a boyish escapade, having challenged to a duel a fellow student who had offended him.

He then went to Texas to join the struggle there for independence, received a commission in the Texan army, and served till the war was ended.

In 1841 he obtained an appointment with the American Fur Company and was sent to one of the trading stations on the upper Missouri.

He spent the remainder of his life among the Indians marrying an Indian wife and winning an Indian name, Ne-so-he-i-u, "The Four Bears," by killing four grizzlies in one day. He was a successful trader and came to be looked upon as a powerful chief.

He met his death in 1869 being shot by an Indian over some fancied grievance.

The Islands

Royal alike in mood and mien,
Superior, acknowledged queen
Of all the lakes mankind has seen,
  Has regal taste in dress.
Though splendidly she has arrayed
Her stately form, she has displayed
Her finest jewels on her head,
  To crown her loveliness.

Here, beneath skies as clear and blue
As sunny Naples ever knew,
Or master painter ever drew,
  The fair Apostles lie;
The sacred isle of ancient days,
Ere Marquette taught the Chippeways
Of other and more seemingly ways
  In which to live and die.

Seen when the morning sun's first light
Dissolves the faint, gray, mists of night,
And morning's breezes touch with white
  Each wave that laps the beach,
The eye, enraptured, will behold
A gorgeous picture there unfold,
Of islands capped with green and gold,
  Far as the sight can reach.

And when the sun sinks to his rest,
Painting Superior's heaving breast
With floods of color from the west;
  Rose, purple, mauve, and gold;
Tho hearts can feel, no tongue can tell
The glory of this fond farewell
To that fair spot he loves so well;
  A love each day retold.

J. R. Reid.

ANCIENT INSTINCTS WERE REALLY MODERN

(Continued from Page 16)

CHOSE HIGH BLUFFS

It is evident that in stone age times and perhaps later, Indian camps were into the trunk of a beech tree which stood near the present corner of Wells located in various places within the present limits of the city on the tops of high bluffs overlooking Lake Michigan from Wisconsin street to as far north as Lake Park.

This is significant in deducing the present conception of these prehistoric peoples who once inhabited our country's broad prairies and dwelt on the beautiful, rising shores of its lakes and rivers. They possessed, apparently, the same instincts for selecting desirable locations for their rude homes as their remote progeny, the present generation, for selecting sites for their near-mansions. For it is notable that these bluffs have been for many years occupied by the fine residences of the wealthy citizens of Milwaukee.

A conical mound, situated in the early days on the south side of Grand avenue between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, has long since been plowed over and all traces of it obliterated. But a quantity of Indian bones, fragments of a pottery vessel, and a number of flint arrowpoints were unearthed at its base by John W. Dunlap, an early settler, who undertook its exploration at the time when it was 25 feet in diameter and 5 feet high in its highest part, the center.

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Hosiery for Men, Women and Children

A Typical Indian Mound of the Simple, Conical Type. Others are Laid Out in Fanciful Forms Resembling Figures of Turtles, Lizards, Birds, the Otter, and the Buffalo.

All archeological evidence appears to show that the present site of Milwaukee was occupied for a long period by a numerous Indian population, previous to the arrival of the intruding Indian tribes and to the arrival on its shores of the first white men. Their villages were located, as testified by the mounds and the numerous evidences of industries found at these places, on some of the most favored highlands on the banks of the Milwaukee, Kinnickinnic, and Menomonee rivers, which fact is further evidence of the tendency toward similar instincts in both the primitive uncivilized peoples and the present civilized races.

Although the Indian history of Milwaukee is of very fragmentary character, our knowledge of the customs of its aboriginal inhabitants being gleaned chiefly from descriptions and notes occurring in papers and from the narratives published in Wisconsin historical collections, a few facts are quite definitely established.

WINNEBAGOES FIRST THERE.

The earliest Indian occupants of the present site of Milwaukee were probably Winnebago, this tribe being displaced after several centuries of occupation by the migrating Algonquian tribes, who were in possession of the land at the dawn of local history, the word "Milwaukee" being derived from the Algonquian word "Milioke," meaning "good earth" or "good country."

If a tradition of an old Winnebago Indian, one of the historians of his people, is worthy of credence, it is probable, as archeologists have long suspected, that Winnebago clans were the builders of the numerous earthen burial and symbolic mounds once located where Milwaukee now stande. The few mounds now remaining constitute the only mementos transmitted to us from these ancient races.

A note in the Journal of Lieutenant James Gorrell, a British officer stationed at Green Bay, under date of August 21, 1762, is the earliest notice of Milwaukee and indicates that it was then quite an Indian town, with an English trader residing there.

The earliest fur trader located in Milwaukee is said to have been Alexander Laframboise, who came from Mackinaw and was among the Milwaukee Indians as early as 1785.

The founder of Milwaukee, Solomon Juneau, who had worked for Jacques Vieau, a fur trader at Green Bay, came to Milwaukee in 1818, first as his clerk and later as his agent. In 1822, he moved from the trading post on the Menomonee river to a combination dwelling house and storehouse, located near the present intersection of East Water and Wisconsin street, where he carried on a profitable business with the Indians and acquired great influence over them.

The removal of the Milwaukee Indians took place in 1838. The dispossessed red men were collected, and fed at the expense of the government until preparations could be made to remove them, teams procured and supplies collected in compliance with the treaty made at Chicago in 1833. Small bands of Indians continued to return from time to time for years afterward and to camp for short periods about the city.

PLANTING GROUNDS FOUND.

During the later years of Indian occupation, corn was grown at a number of

Indian village sites. The existence of the planting grounds is apparent from the description by Milwaukee historians and through the finding of plots of corn hills by Dr. Lapham and other investigators. It is very probable that other grains or vegetables were also cultivated at some of the villages. The existence of these vegetable plots of the Indians is comparable to the existence today of small truck farms outside the city limits. The plots of these old garden beds were located on the Jaeger place on the west bank of the Milwaukee river, at Spring Grove, and at Indian Prairie.

The principal Indian trails leading from Milwaukee in decades long past bear a striking resemblance to the present concrete highways and railway lines in so far as they ultimately connect the same points. Chief among them were the Chicago, the Lake Shore, the Green Bay, and the Waukesha trails. Andrew J. Vieau has written, "The time occupied in traveling from Green Bay to Milwaukee was four days, either by foot or by French train, the distance being estimated at 125 miles." Contrast this with the present rate of travel, the time required being about four hours, or one-twenty-fourth of the previous time to travel the same distance by automobile, and about one-seventy-second the time to go by airplane.

Peter Van Vechten states that a guide sign to the Green Bay-Chicago trail was an Indian figure holding a bow in one hand and an arrow in the other, carved into the trunk of a beech tree which stood near the present corner of Wells and Thirteenth streets. Although a rude attempt at guiding "tourists" as compared with the present well marked trunk highway systems, it was appropriate to the civilization of the age, and is illustrative of the similarities between modern and past civilization.

These facts and the evidence derived from the ancient mounds, such as bits of pottery, attest intelligence and indicate some advances in the arts of civilization on the part of these ancient peoples. But as the present race of Indians has no traditions of the people who made the mounds nor of the design for which they were built, the age in which they were built can only be inferred from the age of trees growing in them, some of which have annual rings supposedly 400 years old.

"It is hoped that a strong public sentiment in favor of the permanent preservation of the remaining prehistoric mounds," said Charles E. Brown, secretary of the Wisconsin Archeological Society. "They are of priceless value, for only through them is it possible to make an investigation of the culture of the country's early and only known aboriginal inhabitants."

Has Wisconsin a right to complain about the cost of education when it spends five dollars on automobiles to one dollar for schools?

Park in the Making

A potential park for Stevens Point has come to light, following the opening of a new stretch of road on State Highway 18 at that city. Unsightly settings of underbrush have been removed on both sides of the road, and now the landscape has an entirely different appearance.

Although begun as a sanitation project to improve the surroundings of the city water works plant, it is actually fulfilling a triple purpose: First, it is creating the sanitary conditions desired; secondly, it is bringing out the natural beauty that was hidden for years; thirdly, it is opening the way for a future park and playground.

A fine shallow beach suitable for bathing by children has been provided on this site, and further down stream a deeper swimming place was dredged for the use of older boys and girls. The Water Commission of Stevens Point has pointed the way to what is possible in the way of municipal improvements.

A HISTORY OF NORTH WISCONSIN

(Continued from Page 10)

tensive of all the different groups of North America. Though there was originally a common language in the Algonquin family, long separation of the tribes comprising the family brought about wide variations in tribal dialects. The Indians had no written language, and, as a family group was broken up into different tribes, there soon came variations in their language, as well as in their customs and legends.

Coming back to the community life at Chequamegon, what a remarkable scene must have been presented to Allouez! He was used to the wild life. For several years he had lived almost exclusively among the Indians of Canada. And yet Allouez was led to exclaim: "It is a beautiful bay, at the head of which is situated the great village of savages, who cultivate fields of Indian corn and lead a settled life." On the sites now occupied by Bayfield, Washburn, and Ashland, and the shores between, were clustered several thousand Indian men, women and children in their tee-pees and houses of bark and reed matting. Behind them were the deep forests of evergreens singing to every passing breeze. Before them the beautiful bay with the wonderful white fish glistening in its clear waters. At the mouth of the bay the great lake, Gitchie-Gummee, spread out in all its grandeur, studded with the picturesque Apostle Islands. To this wild country, inhabited by wild men, came Father Allouez, an unwelcome guest. To him and his successor, Father Marquette, we are largely indebted for the information out of which we build the beginning of North Wisconsin history.

(To be Continued in Next Issue)

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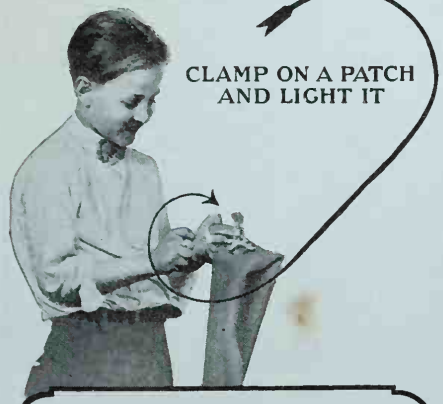

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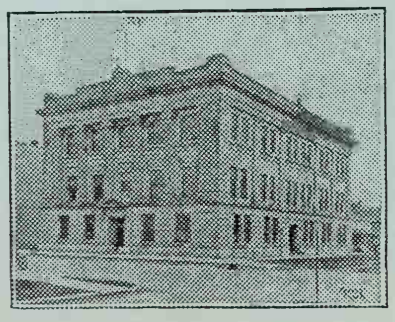

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Industrial Relations

IN any relative consideration of the living conditions in our cities we cannot go far without taking into account the economic factors. These become capable of measurement when we employ scientific statistical method. In the better cities contest four important economic factors, were taken as a basis of comparison under the general caption of Industrial Relations.

They are respectively Annual Real Earnings, which means ultimate purchasing power; Working Conditions, which takes into account the character of environment and equipment in or with which the earnings are made; Hours of Labor necessary for the acquirement of the given purchasing power; and finally Child Labor, or the extent to which juvenile members of the family enter employment. In the consideration of annual money rates, continuity of employment throughout the year, and the purchasing power of such wages as are affected by the cost of living in the locality, this is measured by comparison after obtaining the cost of the minimum quantity family budget described by the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics.

In the consideration of Annual money rates, continuity of employment throughout the year, and the purchasing power of such wages as are affected by the cost of living in the locality. This is measured by comparison after obtaining the cost of the minimum quantity family budget described by the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics.

Since rent is no small consideration in the family budget, housing facilities and rent are matters of keen interest.

In the determination of a basis for judging Working Conditions it is necessary to consider the four chief factors. First, Health and Safety Conditions, including safe guarding of machinery, maintenance of pure water supply, rest rooms for women, first aid service ventilation, and factory housekeeping; second, Educational Advantages covering plans of promotion, of special instruction, and systems of apprenticeship within the industrial establishments; third, Recreational Opportunities for employees, including vacation privileges, athletic programs and efforts to promote social intercourse among employees; fourth, Employees Benefit Association, comprising insurance schemes, pensions, and plans for saving.

The third major factor is Hours of Labor. In the survey schedule used for the collection of data is found the following paragraph, "The trend in modern industry towards specialization and the use of automatic or semi-automatic machines, have resulted in greatly increased production but have also introduced increased monotony and fatigue. The shorter the work day, consistent with maintenance of production, the more time the worker has to spend with his family and to develop himself as an individual and as a citizen. A short working day, providing it does not unduly curtail production, is a credit to a community. It seems desirable therefore that the hours for men should be less than 55 per week and for women less than 48 per week. It is a matter of much satisfaction that few work beyond these hours."

The matter of Child Labor is the final concern. While a certain amount of child labor may be unavoidable, nevertheless, it is not desirable from a social standpoint. The extent of child labor is determined by the attitude of the community with respect to it. Credit is given those cities with a minimum of child labor during the school year.

Wisconsin

O, this world is wide and fair,
With many lands to see,
But there's only one Wisconsin
And that is home to me!
The Scotsman rightly sings of his heather-covered braes,
But the coulees of my native state
Are far fairer than these;
And the little blue-cupped badger
That braves the frosty Spring
Is dearer, with its word of hope,
Than all the flowers you sing.

The Alps may boast of higher peaks
And mighty banks of snow,
But the beauty of these rolling hills,
No other land may know!
I love them when the Autumn
Robes them in gorgeous hue,—
But when the Spring comes creeping on,
And clothes them fresh and new
There's not in green old England
So fair a sight to see,
For there's only one Wisconsin
And that is home to me!

I love her rushing rivers
And her mighty inland seas
But oh, her brown and sparkling brooks
I'm loving more than these
From southern sun-kissed meadows,
And fertile valleys wide,
To where the dark and slender pines
Stand in their stately pride,
My heart is true and loyal,
And ever more shall be,
For there is only one Wisconsin
And that is home to me!

O, this world is wide and fair,
With many lands to see
But there is only one Wisconsin,
And that is home to me!

Cora Blakeslee Beebe.

Its nearly 10,000 miles of hard surfaced and well marked highways make Wisconsin the tourists' delight.

The tanneries of the state turn out the equivalent of one leather coat per year for each man, woman, and child in Wisconsin.

With Wisconsin fourth in hosiery and knit goods production, we are abundantly supplied with scarfs, sox, and sweaters.

Aid to Science

WHAT is likely to be a most important contribution to industrial chemistry in America, is the discovery by Professor Victor Lenher of the chemistry department, University of Wisconsin, of the solvent known as selenium oxychloride.

The unusual properties of this solvent, which is a compound of the rare element selenium, have prompted newspaper men throughout the country to compare it with the universal solvent sought by alchemists of old. It will dissolve easily many substances which have heretofore been considered indissoluble except by fire: redmanol, bakelite, and certain form of hydrocarbons. It will remove paint, varnish or shellac from the body of a coach or automobile without injuring the wood or metal. It will prevent knocking in an automobile engine if added in small quantities to a heavy gasoline. It has so far attained a commercial use chiefly in the manufacture of certain kinds of glass, and is for that purpose being produced extensively.

The solvent is a heavy, colorless liquid, which can be transported by ordinary means. Its eventual importance cannot yet be estimated since its industrial uses have not been fully explored, but it is sure that Professor Lenher has made a valuable and distinctly Wisconsin contribution to his science of chemistry.

Professor Lenher has been asked to speak on his discovery before a number of scientific societies and universities, an evidence of the importance attached by others to his discovery.

Seeing the Dells

The grotesque stone formations on the nine-mile gorge of the Wisconsin River through "The Dells" are a never-failing source of delight to the many tourists that annually take the launch trip down the river.

They are the state's most famous bit of scenery and has been visited by the thousands. The Dells are the result of the glaciers that passed over this region in the prehistoric days.

Among the most interesting formations is Stand Rock which towers high above the stream. There also is Black Hawk, thus named because of its resemblance to the Indian chief, and no less interesting is Cold Water Canyon where the temperature is about 20 degrees colder than outside the canyon.

The crevices in the numerous cliffs are a shelter for thousands of swallows, and the moss and fern-covered crags have a fantastic beauty that is unusually beautiful.

The largest potato farm in the world contains 18,000 acres and is one of the prides of Wisconsin.

Although eighth in total tobacco production, Wisconsin is the leading producer of cigar type tobacco.

Relive School Days

In these days of homecomings there is one in particular that is quite unique. It is the annual reunion of the boys and girls who attended the "Little Red School" and the "White School" of Amherst many years ago.

To be a real pioneer among Amherst school children, one must be an alumnus of the red school, which was the first public school in this community. There are living today people who attended this school sixty years ago. The white school is of later date.

Both schools are now only a memory, but the school days are re-lived at each reunion, followed by an old-time dance at the new high school gymnasium. The old red school was built at Amherst Junction, but after the coming of the flour mills it was moved to the town's center of population at Amherst. Years later it was torn down and replaced with the white school which housed more grades. After serving for many years, it was converted into an opera house, and in 1900 it was destroyed by fire.

Homecomers are proud of the modern high school building in Amherst, but they will not forget the red and the white schools.

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